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One Halfpenny.

KING EDWARD LEAVES LONDON.



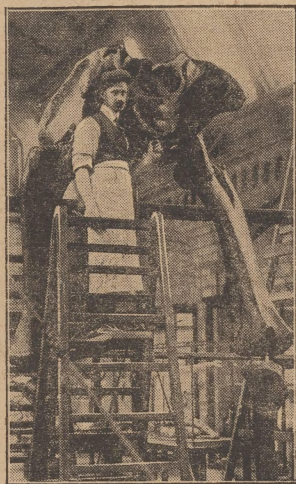
His Majesty the King entering Victoria Station yesterday at the commencement of his journey across France to the Mediterranean.

LEAVING HAILEYBURY FOR ETON.

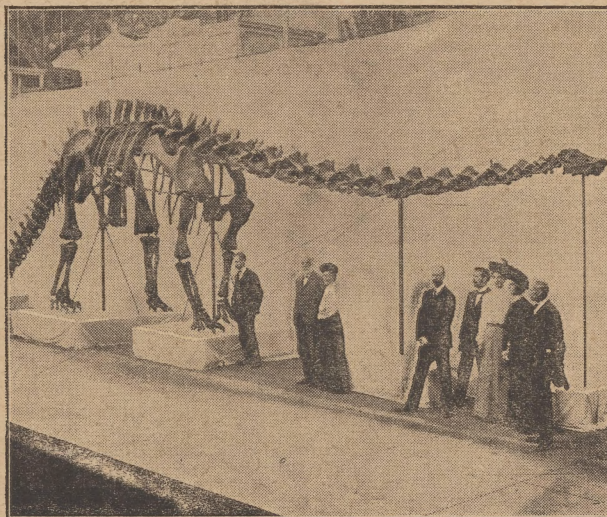


Canon Lyttelton in the grounds at Haileybury College, where he was headmaster for fifteen years. He is now leaving for Eton.

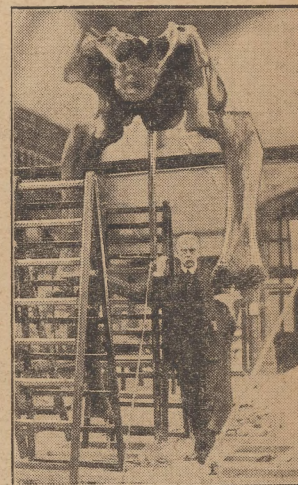
SKELETON OF A GIGANTIC REPTILE PRESENTED TO THE KING BY MR. CARNEGIE.



Erecting the skeleton in South Kensington Museum. Mr. Coggeshall, of the Carnegie Museum, and the hind legs of the diplodocus.



The complete skeleton of the gigantic extinct reptile, the diplodocus, unearthed in Wyoming, a replica of which has been presented to the King by Mr. Carnegie, and is now being erected in South Kensington Museum, and is 85ft. long.



Dr. Holland, who is supervising the work at South Kensington, standing by the legs of the great skeleton.

THE KING MEETS PRESIDENT LOUBET

Warm Greetings and Earnest
Talk Between the Rulers.

NOTABLE JOURNEY.

His Majesty's Dog Helps Cause of
International Amity.

Amid scenes of loyal enthusiasm, the King left London yesterday for France—a journey to which much political significance is attached.

During the drive from Buckingham Palace to Victoria, with a small police escort, his Majesty was loudly cheered by the crowds, whose affectionate loyalty greatly delighted him.

The King, who was dressed in a dark blue overcoat, and who was looking rather pale, reached Victoria at about half-past ten, and was received by Admiral Sir John Fisher; the Marquis of Salisbury, Minister-in-Attendance; the Hon. Sidney Greville, Groom-in-Waiting; Mr. Henry and Major Wodehouse, Chief and Assistant Commissioners of Police; Mr. Cosmo Bonser, chairman of the line; and Mr. Hill, general manager.

As the train steamed out the King, who had been in animated conversation with the Marquis of Salisbury, waved his bowler to some cheering workmen, who gave him a rousing send-off.

GAY SCENE AT DOVER.

A gay display of bunting and throngs of cheering spectators greeted his Majesty on the arrival of the royal train at Dover at twenty past twelve.

As his Majesty emerged from the saloon on to the Admiralty Pier he was received by General Grant, commanding the Fifth Division, who conducted him to the landing-stage, where the turbine steamer Queen was lying.

Here the reception by civic authorities took place.

The Marquis of Salisbury introduced the Deputy Mayor, Councillor Burkett, to his Majesty, who graciously received him.

In addressing the King the Deputy Mayor expressed the gratification it gave him on behalf of the townspeople of Dover to welcome his Majesty there on the occasion of this, his first visit as Sovereign.

The King, having made a graceful reply, then went on board, where he was received by Captain Dixon, the marine superintendent of the South-Eastern and Chatham Company, and by Captain Hancock, the commander of the Queen.

His Majesty first visited the royal cabin, which had been specially fitted for his use, and then returned to the deck and surveyed the great harbours with much interest.

CA LAIS IN FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES.

Ten minutes later the Queen was under way, and, in spite of a heavy sea, reached Calais in fifty-five minutes and made a gallant entry into the French port.

The King received an ovation from the passengers of an outgoing steamer, and bowed his acknowledgments.

The members of the Chamber of Commerce, with M. Henon, the president, at their head, were received by his Majesty when he landed on the gaily-decorated shore.

Referring to the announcement that the King was to meet President Loubet, M. Henon said it had given the greatest pleasure and satisfaction throughout France.

He assured King Edward of the heartiest welcome whenever he should visit Calais.

The King briefly expressed his thanks for the reception, and then proceeded with his suite to the Prince of Wales's Salon at the Terminus Hotel, where luncheon was served, and where his Majesty was welcomed by the mayor and members of the municipality of Calais.

At half-past two the King left by special train for Paris and Marseilles, amidst another outburst of cheering.

THE RULERS MEET.

M. Loubet's Cordial Greeting—A Long and
Momentous Conversation.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—M. Loubet, President of the French Republic, to-day met and conversed in a friendly and animated manner with his Majesty King Edward.

The entente was complete, and more cordial than ever.

What was said between the rulers has not transpired, but the hour which elapsed between their

meeting and parting sufficed undoubtedly for a lengthy conversation.

It was just 3.45 when M. Loubet arrived from Paris at the little station of Pierrefitte. Ten minutes after the royal train steamed into the station to the air of "God Save the King" and the ringing cheers of the crowd.

"Vive le Roi!" shouted the groups on either side of the level crossing as the royal saloon passed.

THE GREETING.

As soon as the steps of the royal saloon were let down, President Loubet walked into the carriage. His Majesty at once stepped forward and shook hands with the President, greeting him most cordially.

Everyone was delighted to see how well the King, who had enjoyed his voyage immensely, looked, and how graciously he smiled as he talked to M. Loubet.

Following the President the British Ambassador and the Hon. Reginald Lister, First Secretary of the Embassy, entered the saloon, and were presented to his Majesty.

Looking through the windows, the journalists present were much amused at the promptness with which the King's fox-terrier made friends with M. Loubet.

The little dog jumped on the President's knee, and put his fore-paws on his shoulder, while M. Loubet, not at all embarrassed by his attention, patted the friendly animal.

At six o'clock the train left Pierrefitte, the King and M. Loubet continuing their animated conversation as it proceeded to the Gare de Lyon.

It was 7.15 before the royal train left for Marseilles, which, it is expected, will be reached at 9.30 to-morrow morning.

All Paris is talking to-night of the warmth of the greetings exchanged between King Edward and M. Loubet, and the possible political significance of the meeting.

KAISER AND KING.

William II. and Victor Emmanuel Exchange
Kisses and Lunch Together.

NAPLES, Thursday.—King Victor Emmanuel, accompanied by Signor Tittoni, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Minister of Marine, went on board the German Imperial yacht Hohenzollern, where he was received by the Emperor William and Prince Adalbert, the Emperor's third son.

Their Majesties kissed each other, and the band of the Hohenzollern played the Italian National Anthem. At 12.30 luncheon was served on board the Hohenzollern.

The German Emperor will arrive at Messina from Naples to-morrow.

The German Empress and the Imperial Princes are in good health at Taormina, and have expressed their satisfaction that the people, while showing their pleasure at the visit of the royal party to Sicily, leave them free in their excursions. Her Majesty and the Princes spend some time every day at the old Greek theatre taking photographs.—Reuter.

HUNGER-SMITTEN COUNTRY.

Dry Weather in Andalusia May Lead to
Terrible Happenings.

MADRID, Thursday.—Owing to the extreme drought work in the fields in Andalusia has been impossible for a considerable time. The crops are threatened with total destruction.

All agricultural labourers are without work, and necessities of life have risen to exorbitant prices. The municipal authorities have done all in their power to alleviate the distress, but the funds at their disposal will soon be exhausted.

The situation is daily growing more critical, and, if rain does not fall, and enable work in the fields to be resumed, serious consequences may ensue.

So far no disturbances are reported, save a few instances of peasants waylaying carts carrying bread, or breaking into bakeries.—Reuter.

WOMAN IN MID-AIR.

Falls Through a Skylight and Saves Herself
by Clutching a Wire.

A young German woman, residing at the Palace Hotel at Milan, had the temerity to pass from a balcony to the roof of an adjoining house, and in doing so she fell through a skylight. She had the presence of mind to cling to an electric light wire, and shouted for help.

On account of the height, the rescue was very difficult. Finally a workman climbed a ladder, and, taking the young woman on his shoulders, brought her down safely. She has since been quite ill as a result of her fright.

POPE AS ARCHITECT.

The "Catholic Herald" states that the Catholics of Belgium have decided to erect a new church in Rome to the Pope. The new church will be built in the San Lorenzo quarter, and the Pope himself will be the architect of the monument.

PLOT AGAINST THE TSAR.

Bombs Discovered in the Palace
at Tsarskoe Selo.

OFFICER ARRESTED.

PARIS, Thursday.—The "Echo de Paris" and "Le Petit Parisien" publish a report of the arrest of an officer at the Palace at Tsarskoe Selo in connection with a supposed attempt on the life of the Tsar.

This officer, who was wearing a Cossack uniform, aroused suspicion by his awkward attitude when the guard was changed. His movements were watched, and it was noticed that he wore an infantry instead of a cavalry sword.

After some questions, to which he made incoherent replies, he was arrested. It is stated that a parcel containing two bombs was found in one of the rooms.

Twelve of the secret police agents at Tsarskoe Selo are also reported to have been arrested.—Reuter.

RUSSIANS REPULSED.

Two Hundred Men Lost in an Attack on
Chincheatun.

TOKYO, Thursday.—The following dispatch from Field Headquarters is published here:—

"On the afternoon of the 3rd the enemy, with horse artillery and machine-guns, advanced southwards, and on the morning of the 4th opened a bombardment of Chincheatun.

"Simultaneously a large force of Russian infantry advanced from the vicinity of the main road, while two other columns, making detours, moved against both our flanks.

"By six in the evening we had entirely repulsed them. Our casualties were twenty-seven wounded. The enemy's losses are uncertain, but are estimated at over 200."—Reuter's Special Service.

VLADIVOSTOK PREPARED.

The following description of Vladivostok's condition is given by a correspondent of the "Russkoye Slovo":—

The streets are animated. The workshops of the port are active. The two cruisers can be seen completely repaired in the harbour, together with the powerful ice-breaker Nadejda, which keeps open communication with the sea. When this letter reaches you there will be no more ice in the bay. The time of possible fighting here is coming nearer every day.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Probable Reduction of the Income Tax and
Tea Duty.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Thursday Night.—So far the secret of the Budget has been exceedingly well kept, but the opinion in the Lobby is that there will be reductions on tea and the income-tax.

In some quarters, however, it is regarded as probable that a very considerable portion of the surplus may be devoted to a reduction of the education rate in country districts.

I learn to-night that the Aliens Bill has now been agreed to by the Cabinet, and is practically ready for presentation. It will be in the hands of Mr. Akers-Douglas, the Home Secretary, but Mr. Balfour's name will appear as one of the backers of the Bill, and it may therefore be expected that he intends to personally conduct it through its various stages.

I hear it is a much longer and a more drastic measure than the one of last year, and it will make provision for machinery to give effect to the Government methods of regulation which may be expected to give rise to a very considerable amount of discussion.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

In an encounter with Hereros the German South-West African force has lost six killed, six wounded, and one missing.

The name of M. Rimsky Kornakoff, the celebrated composer, has been removed from the list of professors at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire through a regrettable dispute between him and the managing board.

According to the verdict given by the coroner's jury after a damp, due to an explosion of blasting powder set off by persons unknown, caused the death of forty-three men in Mr. Leiter's mine at Ziegler (Illinois) on Monday last.

"BRIGHTON" DAY IN THE "HOUSE."

Mr. Balfour Gives No Sign of
Going to the Country.

OPPOSITION DELIGHT.

Yesterday was emphatically "Brighton Day" in the House of Commons.

Though the sweeping Liberal victory at Brighton is not regarded, either by the Opposition or the supporters of the Government, as precipitating the general election, it is held to forecast the result more emphatically than any by-election that has yet taken place.

The Liberals are, of course, highly elated, but they fear the victory will induce the Government to continue in office till some more opportune moment arrives.

"We would rather see the Government capture a seat from us," said an official at the Liberal headquarters yesterday, "because then Mr. Balfour would be much more likely to go to the country."

Mr. Chamberlain is said to be chuckling a little over the startling result of this last by-election, pointing to it as another proof that half-hearted tariff reformers are absolutely no good as fighting candidates.

DISSOLUTION OUTLOOK.

Conflicting Views, but "Not Yet" the
General Consensus.

The great question asked on every side last night was, What effect will Brighton have on the dissolution?

Old Parliamentary hands shrugged their shoulders and expressed the view that even Mr. Balfour will find it hard to retain his position in view of the obvious withdrawal of confidence on the part of the electorate.

A great many well-informed politicians are convinced that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have come to an arrangement as to the date of the general election, and that the "plunge" will come about the middle of June.

Mr. Chamberlain was again yesterday exceedingly active in the Lobby, holding quite a reception of his more intimate supporters in the House. In 1890 Lord Beaconsfield sent Sir Edward Clarke to win an election for the Government at Southwark, which had never before been Conservative. This victory, after a succession of disastrous defeats, was the signal for the general election, and Mr. Gladstone returned with an overwhelming majority. And the Conservative Party are not ready for a general election; there are eighty seats for which no candidates have yet been secured owing to local fiscal differences.

Fresh from his amazing victory, Mr. E. A. Villiers took his seat in the House of Commons yesterday.

A storm of triumphant Liberal shouts broke forth as, introduced by Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Mr. Ivor Guest, he bowed his way up the floor to the table and took the oath of allegiance.

Mr. Chamberlain was an interested eye-witness of the demonstration, and the occupants of the Treasury bench eyed Mr. Loder's political victory with great curiosity.

But the roar of Liberal welcome did not in the least perturb the Prime Minister, who chatted gaily with Sir A. Acland-Hood as the occupants of the crowded benches to the left of the Speaker howled themselves hoarse with their welcome.

MR. BALFOUR UNMOVED.

Upstairs Liberal Delight Leaves Him
Imperturbable.

As the Prime Minister slipped into his seat during "questions" he was received with a roar of ironical cheers and chaffing shouts from the Liberals of "Brighton, Brighton, Brighton."

Sir Henry Aubrey Fletcher's question to Mr. Gerald Balfour about the effects of the action of the sea on Brighton cliff produced some humorous satire.

"Does the right honourable gentleman apprehend any further danger of a landslide in that district?" asked Mr. John Burns with mock solemnity.

"Or does he regard it as the handwriting on the cliffs?" inquired Mr. Patrick O'Brien. There was no reply.

In reply to Mr. Herbert Samuel's question whether the office of Junior Lord of the Treasury could be held by any other than a member of the House, Mr. Balfour said:—

"It is usual for the Junior Lord of the Treasury to be a member of this House, though I suppose there is no constitutional reason why it should be so."

Mr. Gladstone was Secretary for the Colonies for six or seven months, during which time he was out of this House unable to obtain a seat, he having been turned out on accepting office."

GREAT BALLOON RACE TO FRANCE.

Perilous and Exciting International
Cross-Channel Contest.

FAMOUS AERONAUTS.

From West Ham and Sydenham, from Sevenoaks and Folkestone, four immense balloons started yesterday afternoon to race across the Channel.

The four balloons, with their aeronauts, in the order of rising are as follows:—

"Aero Club No. 1."—Mr. C. F. Pollock and Mr. Martin Dale, West Ham Gasworks, 1 p.m.
"Vera"—Mr. Frank Butler and Mr. Percival Spencer, Crystal Palace, 2 p.m.
"Vivienne III."—Mr. Leslie Bucknall and Mr. Stanley Spencer, Knoll Paddock, Sevenoaks, 3.25 p.m.

M. Faure's balloon, carrying M. Faure and Mr. Latham, ascended at Folkestone.

M. Faure made a most successful cross-Channel voyage with his cousin, Mr. Latham, about two months ago, ascending at the Crystal Palace. The balloon passed directly over Paris, descending in the suburbs, the journey being completed in record time—for M. Faure had crossed the Channel by balloon before.

Favouring Wind.

It was when he announced a week ago that he would again attempt the voyage that a number of members of the Aero Club determined to follow his lead, and make the trip in competition.

Each of the four balloons has a capacity of between 45,000 and 50,000 cubic feet.

This most interesting international event is an exceedingly perilous contest. A sudden change of wind might send the balloons floating over the North Sea or down the Channel.

But the north-westerly wind of yesterday was strong and constant, and there is every ground for hoping that all the balloons will land safely in France early this morning.

For a long time yesterday afternoon the "Vera" and the "Vivienne III." were well in sight of each other.

Mr. Frank Butler, who is a member of the firm of Hedges and Butler, of Regent-street, is one of the founders of the Aero Club. The Spencers are both famous aeronauts, and have made hundreds of balloon ascents all over the country.

POM-POM EXPLOSION.

Managers of Vickers Maxim's Works Injured
by a Shell Accident.

By an explosion yesterday at Messrs. Vickers, Son, and Maxim's cartridge factory at Wilmington, near Dartford, where the famous pom-pom cartridges are made, serious injuries were sustained by three persons.

The head manager's hand was shattered, and has since been amputated; the assistant-manager lost two fingers, and a clerk named Cross was burned about the face so badly that it is feared he will lose the sight of one eye.

The explosion occurred while a shell was being handled, but by whom has not yet been ascertained.

ROMANCE OF THE GHETTO.

Young Millionaire To Marry a Young Jewish
Cigar-maker.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes, a young millionaire and clubman, has announced his engagement to Miss Rose Harriet Pastor, a Russian Jewess, whom he met in the course of his university settlement work in the New York ghetto.

She works in a cigar factory, and supports her mother and sisters. Mr. Stokes says he was attracted by the beauty of her mind and character. They are to be married in July, and will visit London, where Miss Pastor lived for years in a state of semi-starvation.—Central News.

SMALL-POX SCOURGE.

Coroner and Jury Under Observation at Bradford, and Many Cases of Disease.

The sensational outbreak of small-pox in the Otley-road district of Bradford continues to spread, and yesterday eight more persons were removed to the hospital, making seventeen in all who have been taken there this week.

The local authorities are making strenuous efforts to prevent the further spread of the disease, and in all about 100 persons are now under observation, including the coroner and the jury who viewed the body of the man Henson, who is now believed to have died from small-pox.

TOWN CLERK'S BURGLAR.

Official and Malefactor Locked Together
in Deadly Embrace.

At Colne, Lancashire, yesterday, John May Collier was sent to gaol for three months for being on premises with felonious intent.

A widow named Townsend, on returning home was alarmed by her dog, which dashed down the cellar steps. She got the assistance of Mr. Crossdale, the deputy town clerk, who caught the prisoner emerging from the cellar, and grappled with him.

A desperate struggle followed, both men rolling over the wall into the adjoining yard locked together.

The prisoner succeeded in getting away, but was ultimately recaptured.

£18,259 FOR BOOKS.

Unique Collection of Naval Works Sold
for £1,510.

The sale of the John Scott library concluded at Sotheby's yesterday, the total sum realised being £18,259.

A unique occurrence brought the sale to a close when over one thousand works on shipping, navigation, and naval affairs were sold in one lot for £1,510.

The reserve price of £1,000 opened the bidding, which was soon capped by Mr. G. P. Johnston, of Edinburgh. This gentleman pitted himself against the auctioneer, who was bidding for some unknown collector, until the above-named sum was reached, at which price he became the purchaser.

It transpired that the unique collection was purchased for Mr. Charles C. Scott, the son of the late owner of the library.

MISS CAMILLE CLIFFORD.

Operation for Appendicitis Performed on the
Beautiful "Gibson Girl."

Miss Camille Clifford, the beautiful "Gibson Girl," who was so popular during the *Mirror* week at the Lyceum, is the latest victim to appendicitis. She was unable to appear in "The Catch of the Sea-gull" on Wednesday, and yesterday she was successfully operated on by Sir Alfred Fripp.

With characteristic American pluck Miss Clifford refused to give in up to the very last moment.

On Tuesday night it was observed that she was very pale and appeared in considerable pain.

"Oh, it's nothing," she said cheerfully, "nothing to bother about."

But on Wednesday, although she came down to the theatre, she was obviously too ill to take her part.

She consulted a doctor, who said she must undergo an operation immediately.

Miss Clifford, without any fuss, went to a nursing institution in Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square.

She is doing very well, but it will be some weeks before she is herself again.

CONVICTS' CONFIRMATION.

Bishop of Exeter Looking Forward to an
Unwonted Ceremony at Dartmoor.

Dr. Robertson, Bishop of Exeter, is contemplating with pleasure a visit he is shortly to pay to Princetown Prison for the purpose of confirming a number of convicts.

There are about a thousand men on Dartmoor, many of whom are serving their third or fourth term.

The visit of the Bishop follows in the wake of much patient work on the part of the prison chaplain, as a result of which a considerable number of convicts, including some of the young and better educated men, desire to be confirmed.

Since first offenders have been kept away from the other hands on Dartmoor, the percentage has been perceptibly higher of young men who have been diverted from the path of crime on which they had entered.

NEW TURBINE STEAMER FOR CHANNEL.

Another turbine steamer for an English Channel service was launched on the Clyde yesterday, Mme. Cécile, wife of the Mayor of Dieppe, naming the new vessel the Dieppe.

The vessel has sleeping quarters for thirty-six first-class passengers and dining accommodation for sixty-two. There is also provision for 182 second-class passengers.

BOOT STRIKERS ARRESTED.

Further disturbances in connection with the Army boot strike occurred at Ramds yesterday. Four persons were arrested as the result.

SHAKEN MENAGERIE.

Inmates of India Zoo Terror-
Stricken by the Earthquake.

SMALL DEATH-ROLL.

The latest details, which are slowly coming through from India, show that the ravages of the earthquake must have extended over an area of something like 200,000 square miles.

There can be but little doubt that Dharmasala, the hill station in the Lahore district, has been the greatest sufferer amongst individual places.

Here 80 per cent. of the population have perished, including the entire postal and telegraphic staff.

General Walter Kitchener has dispatched a relief column to the devastated town.

Although there has been much loss of life and damage to property at Lahore, the effects of the earthquake are not nearly so grave as was at first supposed. It is amazing that the death-roll—estimated at 100—is not four or five times larger.

Shrieks of Pea-Fowl.

The shock in this city (says Reuter) created an extraordinary uproar at the Zoological Gardens. The piercing shrieks of the pea-fowls were heard all over the town, while crows and other birds flew in alarm from the swaying trees.

The worse reports come from the hill districts, where the natives are full of panic. The orthodox Hindus say that the heinous sins of their children make mother earth tremble.

At Mussoorie, where almost all the buildings were either wrecked or damaged, the English missionary, the Rev. Mr. Thomas, and his two children, had a miraculous escape from death.

The Viceroy Lord of Simla and Lord Curzon's country seat at Mashobra have suffered considerably from the shocks.

All through the affected area people are complaining of a feeling of sickness and dizziness, produced by the seismic disturbances.

Lafian's correspondent is responsible for the theory that the earthquake originated in the Kashmir and Chitral regions subsequently shaking the whole backbone of Asia.

If this view is correct, an awful disaster must have taken place in Russia and Chinese Turkestan.

SAILORS' THRILLING STORY.

Five Days' Ride Over Ice-Bound Deserts
of Snow.

The crews of the two fishing schooners, Sirene and Morgane, which were wrecked off Iceland last month, arrived at Southampton yesterday.

They related a thrilling story of the hardships they had to undergo.

The men on Morgane had just secured a fine haul of 400 codfish, when the gale swept down upon them; their vessel struck, and they managed to get to land in their lifeboat.

On the dreary, ice-bound shore were no signs of life, but the day after they encountered the shipwrecked crew of the Sirene, who were absolutely without food.

Finally, some Icelanders came to their aid and supplied them with dried fish.

They also gave them sixty saddle-horses, on which they were able to reach Reykjavik, after a terribly hard five days' ride over ice-bound deserts of snow.

NEW TOY DOGS.

Lhasa Terriers and Samoyedes at the Ladies'
Kennel Show.

Over 500 entries had been received for the first show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, held at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, yesterday.

One of the most interesting features of the show was the collection of foreign dogs exhibited by Mrs. McLaren Morrison. It included some interesting Lhasa terriers and Samoyedes, all tended by a picturesque, dark-skinned attendant in a green turban.

Mr. Wong Yum, of the Chinese Embassy, judged the Pekinese, and was afterwards photographed in the centre of a group of beaming owners of prize-winners.

The show was a pronounced success, and was remarkable for the quality and variety of the toy dogs shown.

WILL LORD MILNER GO TO INDIA.

LAHORE, Wednesday.—The "Pioneer," in an appreciation of Lord Milner, says that should Lord Milner succeed Lord Curzon in the Viceroyalty the appointment would be felicitous both for India and himself.—Exchange.

Lord Kelvin has now so far recovered from his illness that no further bulletins are to be issued.

APRIL SNOW.

Cold Snap Follows the Sunshine of
Early Spring.

On Lady Day the Latter
The cold comes on the water.

Yesterday was "Latter Lady Day," and the truth of the old saw was verified by the ice-cold wind and reports of frost and snow from all over the country.

The cold snap is the more unwelcome after a few days during which the temperature has been above the average for the time of the year.

In the north of Scotland the temperature was 2deg. above the average, while in the south of England it was 3deg. higher than in previous years.

The East Coast has had the most sunshine during the whole year, with 312 hours, as against 288 on the South Coast.

Yesterday snow was falling in Wales, Scotland, the north of England, and as far south as Yarmouth.

Even on the south coast bitter frosts have been experienced, and much damage to fruit trees is feared.

High winds have prevailed, and at Northampton a half-finished house was blown down.

Fortunately the cold weather, according to the official forecast, will not last many hours.

DEATH IN "HIDE AND SEEK."

Merry Betrothal Party Followed by a
Double Tragedy.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, Thursday.—An occurrence, blending romance, pathos, and tragedy, has taken place at the country house of Herr von Kamelet, in Transylvania.

Herr von Kamelet's only daughter, Charlotte, was betrothed to the eldest son of a neighbouring landowner. Three days before the intended wedding a large party of friends and neighbours assembled in the house, among them being a young officer named Schwartz, who had unsuccessfully sought the girl's hand.

Late in the evening the guests began to play hide and seek, two persons hiding at the same time, in different places.

Charlotte and Schwartz went to hide together. But the searchers found neither, and quietly turned to consternation when the suspicion arose in all minds that the pair had eloped.

Three days later Schwartz, alone, reappeared at the chateau. The indignant father demanded his child, but received, to his amazement, the reply: "The last time I saw her she was about to hide in a secret cupboard in the old west wing."

The terror-stricken father rushed to the hiding-place and found the dead body of his child. In closing the door she had brought down on her head a heavy box, which had crushed her skull.

On the following morning Schwartz blew out his brains. Everyone is now asking whether he had a hand in the unfortunate girl's death.

MYSTERIOUS LIGHT.

Reappearance of Strange Visitant Causes
Excitement at a French Port.

CHERBOURG, Thursday.—The strange, luminous globe, whose appearance in the sky caused considerable excitement here during the latter part of last week, was last night again visible.

It followed with mathematical accuracy the course described by it on the previous occasions. The theory that the light might be caused by a dirigible balloon has now been abandoned and the affair remains a complete mystery.

It is stated as a curious coincidence that the planet Venus has not been visible since the first appearance of the phenomenon.—Central News.

COUNTESS LINDA'S DIARY.

Extraordinary Charges Against Her Father
and Mother.

The last two days of the Bonmartini trial have been occupied by the reading of correspondence between the late Count and Countess Linda and their diaries.

Although somewhat biased, says Reuter, these documents were considered of great importance, showing as they did the state of mind of the husband and wife.

Extreme kindness is always noticeable in the Count's attitude towards the Countess, who, in her turn, seems obviously sincere in her writing.

In her diary the Countess makes the most extraordinary charges against her father, Professor Murri, and her mother.

Serious disturbances between strikers and workers are occurring at the coal-mines at Arigna, Co. Roscommon.

TOWN CLERK'S DISGRACE.

Ex-Official of Holborn Council Con-
fesses to Thefts of £14,000.

HEAVY SENTENCE.

A broken man, with head bowed and sorrow-
lined features, Henry Corbett Jones stood in the
dock of the Old Bailey yesterday to receive sen-
tence of seven years' penal servitude for frauds
committed by him while clerk to the Holborn Town
Council. He had pleaded guilty to stealing nearly
£14,000 between April and August, 1903.

Jones, who wept in the dock, was described by
Mr. Muir as a man of quick exceptional ability and
extraordinary industry.

The story of his rapid rise to a position of honour
and trust, and of his breach of the trust reposed in
him, was further told.

As long ago as December, 1899, said Mr. Muir,
he appropriated sums amounting to £130, paid as
deposits by contractors tendering for the Council's
work.

From that time on the extent of his delinquencies
increased, until they reached the enormous sum
which he admitted having taken.

In pleading for mitigation of sentence, Mr.
Dickens, K.C., said that the prisoner's downfall
was due to the interest he had taken in the expan-
sion of Heme Bay.

In this way he incurred heavy obligations, and,
while in a weak state of health, yielded to tempta-
tion.

In passing sentence the Judge said that although
he felt compassion for a man of Jones's antecede-
nts, he was really nothing but a thief and a
robber.

WIDOW AND HER WEEDS.

Judge Bacon's Fatherly Rebuke to a Wearer
of Cheap Finery.

Judge Bacon gave some fatherly advice to a
young widow, who appeared at Whitechapel Court
yesterday to apply for the payment of £190, the
balance of an award of £200 made in compensation
for the death of her husband.

The applicant appeared in the box in the showy
mourning affected in the East End.

Judge Bacon: Dear me. How foolish of you to
buy a hat like that—you, a working woman, with
all these little children. You have had £10
already. What do you want me to do?

The applicant intimated that she wanted the
money to go into business in a chandler's shop, and
her brother-in-law told his Honour it would take
£100 to do this.

Judge Bacon: Oh, no. First of all she is not
entitled to £100, for a very wise Act of Parliament
provides that where a man dies without making a
will, and leaves a widow and children, the widow
has one-third and the children two-thirds of his
estate. I must keep provision for these children.

Applicant received one-third of the total award.

BANK-BOOK AS AID TO FRAUD.

How Shilling Deposits with the G.P.O. Were
Used by a Rascal.

"It will take years if every case against me is
taken separately," pleaded Frederick Benwell,
ship's steward, at Northampton Quarter Sessions
yesterday.

He was "wanted" at hosts of places for
swindling tradesmen. Mr. A. Mann, of the Savings
Bank Department of the Post Office, deposed that
prisoner's method was to deposit a shilling in the
bank and then alter the entry to represent large
sums.

By showing the bank-books to tradesmen he had
readily obtained credit. The witness produced
twelve bank-books which prisoner had falsified, and
added that in only one case had the Post Office
been defrauded by the prisoner.

Many previous convictions were proved, includ-
ing four charges of forgery. The Court sentenced
the prisoner to six months' imprisonment.

TENTH POINT OF THE LAW.

A lady complained to Mr. Plowden that a mar-
ried couple whom she had employed had refused
to leave her apartments, claiming that possession
was nine points of the law.

Mr. Plowden: I will send a constable to tell
them the tenth point is against them.

The death of John Dredge, aged seventy-nine
years, formed the subject of an inquest at Bethnal
Green yesterday. Evidence showed that for more
than half a century the deceased had been con-
fined in a lunatic asylum.

TEMPTED BY BLOUSES.

Sentence on a Well-to-do Woman
Charged as a Shoplifter.

Smartly dressed in a blue costume, with fur
boa and muff and a stylish hat, Nan Ottaway ap-
peared at North London Sessions yesterday
charged with stealing two blouses from an Orchard-
street milliner.

She cried hysterically upon entering the dock,
and during the hearing of the case held a handker-
chief to her eyes, swaying to and fro and moaning.

Evidence showed that on March 25 she entered
the prosecutor's shop, and as she was leaving an
employee noticed the sleeve of a blouse hanging
from under her cape.

She was followed and given into custody,
another blouse dropping from beneath her cape to
the pavement.

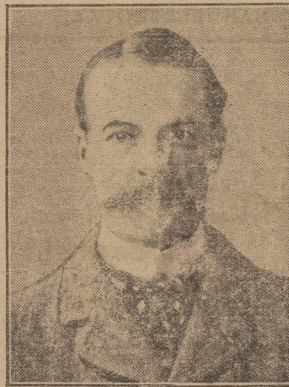
When charged she offered to pay for the blouses.
She was excited, but not under the influence of
drink.

For the defence Mr. Hall said that though not a
rich woman the prisoner had some means, and was
not mistress of herself at the time or she would not
have taken the blouses.

Mr. McConnell, in charging the jury, said that
they could make no difference between the rich and
the poor.

The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, with a
recommendation to mercy, and a sentence of one
month's imprisonment in the second division was
inflicted.

NEW TRANSVAAL GOVERNOR.



Sir Arthur Lawley, who has been
sworn in at Pretoria as High Com-
missioner and Governor of the
Transvaal.

"TOM O' THE RED HAND."

Desperate Highwaymen of Tender Years To
Be Given a Birching.

With his head just showing above the dock-rail
Tommy Woodhead, aged eleven, stood to answer
a charge of highway robbery at Willesden yester-
day.

With two other desperadoes Tommy "held up"
a boy named George Grantham, who had been
sent with 2s. in his pocket on an errand by
his mother.

George arrived home minus the florin, and the
police were put upon the trail. Acting on an
obvious clue, they went to the nearest fair-ground,
where Tommy had just spent the last halfpenny of
his plunder on a swing-boat.

Charles Davis, aged eight, who was Tommy's
lieutenant, was also charged with highway rob-
bery.

Both urchins were ordered a good birching.

TRADING UNDER WATER.

A curious plaintive plea was advanced by a
Thames Ditton grocer, who appeared at the South-
west County Court yesterday on a judgment sum-
mons.

His financial difficulties were due, he said, to
the recent floods in the Thames Valley.

For weeks his shop was under water, and his
customers could not get to him, so that his trade
was entirely spoilt.

BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

"Did you see him this morning?" asked Sir J.
Smallman of a Chiswick man, who applied for a
summons against his lodger.

Applicant: No, sir. I don't want to see him.
He is a champion fighter. (Laughter.) He came
down this morning, and was very short in his
manner, so I got out of the way.

SIRVANTS' WINDFALL.

Lady Leaves Her Residence and
Pets to Old Retainers.

SINGULAR WILL.

Singular bequests are included in the will of
Miss Elizabeth C. Brown, of Bayswater Hill, East
Grinstead, and Middlesbrough, who left £231,531.

To her maid, Elizabeth Bunting, she bequeathed
her East Grinstead residence, the furniture therein,
an immediate legacy of £500, the balance stand-
ing to her credit at the London and Westminster
Bank, certain silver, including a silver tray and
twenty-four silver forks, together with an annuity
of £500 for so long as she remains a spinster.

She also gave her dog, cats, and other pets,
and desired her executors to see that Miss Bunting
took care of them.

She left to her coachman, William Coles, her
stables at Paddington, with all her horses, car-
riages, and saddlery, and to all her other servants
who have been in her service for twelve months
she bequeathed £50 for each year of service.

Miss Brown left £15,000 to various charities.

Captain James Bucknell Atkins, the oldest Elder
Brother of Trinity House, who commanded the first
direct Canadian mail steamship, and served as
Admiral during the Crimean war, and who laid
the first cable in the Red Sea, left estate valued at
£11,598.

PENALTIES OF STATURE.

Woes of 6ft. Solicitor Who Wood Slumber
on a 5ft. 9in. Seat.

Mr. Hastie, a Lincoln's Inn solicitor, sought at
the Westminster County Court yesterday to re-
cover damages from the Great Western Company
for failing to supply him with a sleeping berth.

He and two friends were travelling to London
from Cornwall, but the company only supplied two
berths, and he, a man who was 6ft. tall, tried to
sleep on a 5ft. 9in. seat. The accommodation
might be suitable to "persons 5ft. long."

Why, he was asked, did he not have one of the
two berths?

"Because," replied Mr. Hastie, "one of my
friends was quite as tall as I was, and the other
a great deal taller. Besides, I was the youngest."

His servant came up third-class, and had a good
night's rest.

Judgment for the company.

INGENIOUS FICTION.

Errand-Boy Invents Story of Two Men Who
Tied Him to a Pedstead.

Caleb Durrant, a lad of seventeen, was left by
his master, Mr. Peter Chalmers, of 54,
Albany-street, in charge of the house during his
temporary absence.

A caller, finding the door open, entered, and
discovered the lad tied to a bedstead, and the room
ransacked.

The boy said that two men had tied him up and
taken something from a drawer, where two
sovereigns and several French coins had been
placed.

This story was not believed by the police, and
on being pressed the boy admitted that he himself
had taken the money.

Mr. Plowden yesterday sentenced him to three
months' imprisonment for the offence.

PRETTY COUNTRY WEDDING.

A fashionable gathering witnessed the wedding in
Cophone Church, Crawley, yesterday of Mr.
Conway Victor Fisher Rowe, late Grenadier
Guards, of Guildford—nephew of the Earl of
Ravensworth—and Miss Maud Locker-Lampson,
daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson
of Rowfant.

The American Ambassador, the Duchess of
Sutherland, the Marchioness of Sligo, the Countess
of Lytton, and the Earl of Ravensworth were
amongst the guests invited.

PRICE OF A DONKEY.

"I bought it with the few halfpence I got when
the King's motor knocked me down," said an old
costermonger charged at Westminster with work-
ing an old and feeble donkey.

"No," he continued, "his Majesty was not in
the car at the time. I wish he had been."
(Laughter.)

SHIP'S CORPORAL SENT TO PRISON.

Ship's Corporal Forder, of H.M.S. Pembroke,
was sentenced at Chatham yesterday to six months'
imprisonment for embezzlement.

Some months ago he defrauded Fleet Paymaster
Malher of £3 14s., and then decamped. He was
arrested in Canada.

TESTY JUDGE.

Administers a Sharp Rebuke to the
"Times" Assistant Manager.

Two little "incidents" enlivened the second
day's hearing of the libel action that Colonel Hill
Godfrey Morgan, D.S.O., has brought against the
"Times" newspaper, complaining that he was un-
fairly connected with an improper sale of stores.

INCIDENT No. 1.

Mr. Eldon Bankes, K.C., (opening his case for
the defence, and speaking with indications of great
annoyance in his tones): I am embarrassed by the
observations that your Lordship made yesterday
about my conduct of this case. (His Lordship told
Mr. Bankes not to "torture" Colonel Morgan.)

Mr. Justice Lawrence (interruptively): Not your
conduct of the case, Mr. Bankes.

Mr. Bankes (still annoyed): About the conduct
of the case.

INCIDENT No. 2.

Mr. Moberley Bell, assistant manager of the
"Times": Your Lordship has put a wrong con-
struction on what I said.

Mr. Justice Lawrence (very severely): I am
taking your words down. Don't talk to me of
"construction."

Mr. Moberley Bell (a little later): May I be
allowed to explain? For instance, Mr. Balfour
was referred to in the paper to-day as a card-
sharp. No retraction will be published. (Laugh-
ter.)

Mr. Justice Lawrence: Mr. Balfour can take care
of himself. (Loud laughter.)

The hearing was adjourned.
General Sir Redvers Buller was present in court
during the earlier part of the day, but did not
give evidence. Counsel stated that, owing to the
line of defence, his testimony would not be re-
quired.

RIVAL TO BRANDY.

Formic Acid a Tonic of Extraordinary Strength
for the Brain-Weary.

Formic acid, the new discovery of Dr. Clement,
of Lyons, is likely to prove a dangerous competitor
to alcohol, is the opinion of a well-known physician.

"It possesses," he said to the *Daily Mirror* yester-
day, "the most remarkable stimulating qualities.
For nerve troubles and physical languor formic acid
acts as a tonic of extraordinary strength."

"The dose is from thirty to fifty drops in half
a glass of water twice a day, but a solution of bicar-
bonate of sodium should be taken at the same time
to nullify the injurious effects to the stomach."
This wonderful remedy begins to operate after
three days, and it may be taken intermittently for
some weeks.

STUDENT IN DIVORCE.

Husband Who Called in Services of a Lady
Detective from "Slater's."

In pursuance of his second attempt to obtain a
divorce from his wife, Mr. Richard Walter Wright,
the South African railway expert, again spent
several hours in the witness-box of the Divorce
Court yesterday.

When he first presented a petition, last term, the
jury disagreed.

Mr. Rawlinson, K.C., cross-examined Mr. Wright
about the watching of his wife by "Slater's."

Was a lady detective sent to shadow Mrs. Wright
at St. Leonards, and did this lady detective make
friends with Mrs. Wright, and live in the same
house with her? Counsel asked.

Mr. Wright replied that he understood a lady was
employed. He denied that he knew that the lady
detective had visited Mrs. Wright's spirits. (Mr.
Wright has stated that his wife was intemperate.)

The case was adjourned.

ATTACKED BY A SHEEP.

Whilst walking across a field at Shephed, Leices-
tershire, Mrs. Marriott, an aged lady, was attacked
by a sheep, which knocked her down and broke
her leg.

The animal renewed its attack, but, fortunately,
Mrs. Marriott managed to drag herself to a place
of safety.

78 JURORS TO TRY ONE PRISONER

Seventy-eight jurors—thirty for the grand jury
and forty-eight for the common jury—were sum-
moned to the Newcastle Quarter Sessions yester-
day when there was only one prisoner to be tried.

The comedy reached its climax when the man
pleaded guilty.

Two bluejackets, Lockaday and Bartlett, were
warmly commended by the jury and coroner yester-
day for their gallant attempt to rescue a comrade
who was drowned owing to the capsizing of a boat
of H.M.S. Britannia in the River Dart.

LAW-BARRER CHARITY.

Philanthropic Lady Summoned for Sheltering the Homeless.

L.C.C.'S ACTION.

Philanthropy hampered by law was suggested at the Tower Bridge Police Court yesterday, when Miss Barclay, well-known for her deeds of charity, appeared in answer to a summons.

Miss Barclay's "offence" appears to have been that she has given homeless men shelter for the night in her mission-hall in Paradise-street, Rotherhithe.

The London County Council prosecuted her for allowing the place to be used as a common lodging-house without a licence.

It is true there were no beds, but the men were only too glad to sleep on the floor round the fire.

A strongly-written defence was put in by Miss Barclay. What, she asked, was to become of the 2,351 persons in London nightly without a home?

After the Church Army, Salvation Army, and Medland Hall had done their good work, numbers remained, many of them respectable workmen.

"Surely," urged Miss Barclay, "the solution lies in our numerous mission-halls. Were each to take in a few the problem would be solved."

Drunkards had been reclaimed and despairing men restored to hope by her experiment this winter, and the fact that no payment was required showed that the place was merely a shelter, and not a common lodging-house.

Mr. Cecil Chapman, in view of an appeal, adjourned the case, subject to Miss Barclay giving an undertaking to be subsequently agreed upon.

THE SOUTH POLE.

Goal of the Modern Explorer, Whose Attention Has Been Turned Away from the North.

Whereas formerly the North Pole was the unknown land to which the eye of the explorer naturally turned, it has now given place very largely to its antipodes—the South Pole.

Mainly because the chances of success seemed greater, numerous expeditions of recent years have directed their course to the southern extremity of the earth.

Notably the three expeditions sent forth respectively by Great Britain, Germany, and Sweden in 1901, together with the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition in 1902, have done much to increase our knowledge of the mysterious region that lies far to the south of Cape Horn.

These expeditions, together with those that preceded them, form the subject of a fascinating article in the second fortnightly part of "The Harmsworth Encyclopedia." This article extends to five columns, and is illustrated by a large coloured map of the Antarctic regions, giving complete details of the points reached by the latest exploring parties.

This forms but one of over 1,200 articles, specially written by experts, which are contained in the 160 profusely illustrated pages which go to make up Part II. of this great work of reference.

The demand for it—like that for Part I.—has been so enormous that it has been quite impossible to supply all orders as fast as they were received.

The only way to make sure of obtaining "The Harmsworth Encyclopedia," which is acknowledged to be the most complete and the cheapest work of reference ever placed upon the market, is to order the regular delivery of the fortnightly parts—price sevenpence—from the newsgate.

"DON'T TANTALISE."

Mr. Plowden's Prescription for "Husband Without a Smile."

A woman who has been married for twenty-two years to George Walter, a Marylebone whitesmith, came before Mr. Plowden yesterday to prefer a charge of assault against her husband.

In addition to violence she had another grievance against her spouse. Sometimes, she said, he was seized with a kind of melancholia, and sat and cried by the hour.

Mr. Plowden: Don't you feel safe after twenty-two years?—No, I don't, see? I'm next door to a madman at times.

The Magistrate: Oh, I think—

The Wife: Oh, you don't know. (Laughter.)

Mr. Plowden: No, I don't; but I know you have been married twenty-two years. I wonder whether he feels safe.

The man meekly expressed his sorrow, and was bound over to keep the peace.

The Wife (excitedly): Oh, sir, is he coming home again?

Mr. Plowden (to the husband): I think I can make some allowance for you, but you must not allow anything to tempt you into acts of violence. I wish you joy of her. (To the wife) Don't tantalise him. Be nice.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

The Prince of Wales has sent £25 in aid of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution.

The Bishop of Exeter will shortly conduct Confirmation services in Princetown and Exeter Prisons.

Lord Dalhousie's portrait is shortly to be placed in the small collection of portraits of great men in the India Office.

Large bequests to charities made by the late Mr. G. Ambler, a Yorkshire worsted spinner, are subject to no vivisection being performed in the institutions benefited.

The "sea-devil" caught near the Admiralty Pier at Dover yesterday is a fish that justifies its name. It is an ugly brute, half of its length of 3ft being taken up by its head.

At the farewell dinner to Mr. Choate, the United States Ambassador, to be given by the Bench and Bar of England on Friday, April 21, it is expected that the Lord Chancellor will preside.

The conviction against the Earl of Craven for refusing the name and address of the driver of his motor-car to the police at Brighton was quashed yesterday by the Lord Chief Justice.

Lincoln's Inn has lost one of its oldest members by the death yesterday, in his eighty-second year, of Mr. Thomas Cooke Wright, formerly Examiner of Real and Personal Property to the Inns of Court.

The "grave danger" of providing work for the unemployed by means other than the Poor Law is the subject of a resolution of the City Council for the Organisation of Charity. It has been forwarded to the Prime Minister.

As an excuse not to send her little boy to school, a mother at Treforest, Glamorgan, painted the child's body with ink and declared it was suffering from ringworm.

A notice was posted up in Belfast G.P.O. yesterday stating that envelopes addressed in Erse must, before posting, be handed to the clerk in charge for translation.

Messrs. Layton, Son, and Calder, of Liverpool, ask us to state that, in the "bonus on tea" action, Mr. J. H. Layton, who represented the company, is a barrister, and not a solicitor as described.

The serious depletion of the population of Cornwall is the reason assigned for the disbandment of the Royal Cornwall Rangers' Militia, the full strength of which has not been maintained for some time.

"A happy lot of defendants" was the Stockton-on-Tees magistrate's description of twenty-four bookmakers who were, in all, fined £114 for street betting. Some of them had been convicted more than thirty times.

A sewerman at Brighton found a bracelet in the sewers, and thinking it of little value gave it to his children to play with. To his astonishment, the bracelet has just been identified as one lost by a lady some months ago. Its value is £400, and the finder has been rewarded.

All the tenants in a row of cottages built by Lord Tredegar decided that baths made excellent rabbit-houses. In each case, it was stated at a meeting of the Gloucestershire Standing Committee, his lordship found the bath taken from the bathroom and used in the backyard for rabbits.

DEVASTATED BY THE INDIAN EARTHQUAKE.



The great earthquake has been felt over practically the whole of Upper India, but its effects have been most serious in the districts shown in this map, which represents a stretch of country 420 miles long by 310 broad.

"Zadkiel" claims to have foretold the Indian earthquake in this year's almanac.

The Earl of Dalkeith was yesterday appointed chairman of the North British Railway to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. G. B. Wieland.

The Poplar Guardians are asking pawnbrokers to give in charge any person who attempts to pawn boots which have been given by the board in out-relief.

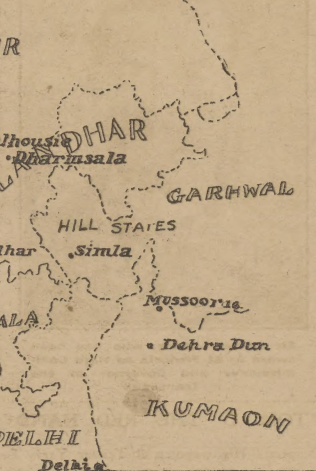
Glasgow's tramway system is held in such high esteem that the Chicago authorities intend to ask the mayor to send an expert across the Atlantic to give them information and advice.

A boy of ten years of age has voted in the Walsley (Cheshire) Council elections. Since his name had duly appeared on the voters' list the returning officers have decided that the vote must be allowed.

During his imprisonment for refusal to pay the education rate the Rev. Thomas Nightingale has acted as librarian in Armley Gaol, Leeds, dealing with Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish literature for prisoners of those faiths.

Six hundred children, with their mothers, fled before Father Joseph, Superior of the Franciscan Capuchin monks, to receive his blessing in Salford Cathedral, a remarkable ceremony which forms no part of the Roman Catholic liturgy.

"We venture to ask that persons with troublesome coughs should absent themselves from or leave the church rather than disturb the solemnity of such an occasion," is an appeal printed in the "Parish Magazine," with reference to next Sunday's confirmation service by Bishop Gore in St. Andrew's, Birmingham.



"The King of Diamonds" will be the Rev. W. Carlile's topic next Sunday at St. Mary-at-Hill, Monument. There will be lantern views.

Because clippers have been introduced for cutting threads instead of knives at the Bessbrook Mills, Newry, the reelers refused to use them, and went on to strike.

Professor Uyenishi, after expounding the ju-jitsu style of wrestling to the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) at Windsor, was complimented on his skill by General Baden-Powell.

The season at Blackpool has been opened by the visit of 800 workpeople from Halifax. The day's outing was given them by their employer as a novel way of celebrating the wedding of his son.

A sewing machine which dispenses with the shuttle by placing in its stead a second reel of cotton under the plate has been patented by an Irishman, of Clayton-le-Moors, near Accrington. The machine produces a lock-stitch, and is said to be remarkably simple.

At the hind's hirings now taking place at Newcastle and Hexham the total absence of "bondagers" is noted. "Bondagers" are female workers hired to work in the house or the fields as required. The reason is said to be an increasing objection of girls to outdoor work.

The remains of the founder of the National Lifeboat Institution, Sir William Hillary, lie in an unmarked and neglected grave in St. George's Churchyard, Douglas. A fund raised to erect a suitable memorial was lost through the failure of Dumbell's Bank. The Douglas branch of the Lifeboat Institution now makes another appeal for subscriptions.

LARGEST SKELETON IN THE WORLD.

Monster 85 feet Long at South Kensington Museum.

OTHER PICTURES.

Two years ago King Edward saw a picture of the skeleton of an enormous extinct reptile hanging in a room at Skibo Castle, Mr. Andrew Carnegie's home in Scotland.

"We ought to have one of those in England," said his Majesty.

Mr. Carnegie immediately gave orders for a replica of the skeleton, the original of which was in the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburgh, to be made. For the last two years men have been hard at work carrying out his orders at a cost of £3,000, and now the result of their labours, which appears in our photographs on page 1, is being set up in the South Kensington Museum.

The skeleton is that of the diplodocus, the most gigantic prehistoric reptile known. It is 85ft. in length, and stands 17ft. high at the hips. The original was discovered in the mountains of Wyoming, but the monster doubtless roamed the world ages before the existence of the first man, for fragments of a similar creature have been found in England. The reptile probably had a hide like that of a hippopotamus.

An idea of its immense size will readily be gathered from the photographs; but the fact that thirty-six huge packing cases were required to transport the model to England gives additional evidence of the magnitude of the undertaking.

FUNERAL OF COLONEL WATKIN.

Few men knew so much about weapons that deal death and destruction as the late Colonel H. S. S. Watkin, C.B., and it was fitting that his funeral should be attended by the employees of the Royal Small Arms Factory at Enfield. Two thousand five hundred of them assembled to pay the last honours to their dead superintendent, the scene in the great factory being shown in our photograph on pages 8 and 9.

Colonel Watkin was born in India in 1843. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1864, and from that time devoted the whole of his life to the study of firearms, receiving several decorations for various inventions connected with artillery.

FATAL COLLISION ON THE G.E.R.

The collision on the G.E.R. near Stratford Market Station resulted, as our photograph on page 8 shows, in one of the engines being thrown right over. Unfortunately the fireman of the engine was just preparing to jump off from the side which fell undermost, and the engine crushed him in its fall, killing him instantaneously.

FORTUNES IN NAVAL PRIZES.

Small Chance of Rich Captures in Our Next Naval War.

Prize-money was so plentiful at Portsmouth in 1761, when the Spanish galleon *Hermione* was captured by the British Fleet, that our seamen amused themselves buying up all the watches in the town and frying them under the galley fires.

Mr. Douglas Owen, lecturing at the Royal United Service Institution on "Capture at Sea and Modern Conditions, and the Ancient Prize-Laws," declared that the changes during the last hundred years in commerce, communications and usage make the right of capturing the enemy's property at sea almost valueless nowadays.

But when the Navigation Laws were repealed, and almost all the trade of the world became free, we risked a development which had been very little foreseen. In our next naval war neutral ships and British merchants alike would avoid the belligerent flag with the danger of capture, and would employ neutrals to fetch and carry for them.

We should some day find that while a few of the enemy's merchantmen were being captured by our cruisers our great national carrying trade was being bled to death by neutrals.

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NELL GWYNNE NEW SERIES, by S. HEBBETHWAITE, have been revived in the London Series-Comic
"JUDY."

No. 1 free to all. Apply "Judy" Offices, London, W.O.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1905

THE RESULT OF
RUNNING AWAY.

"THE country," said the "Times" on Wednesday morning, "does not care a pin about abstract discussions," such as those on fiscal policy of this and last week.

The answer to that came short and sharp and convincing the very same night. Brighton, the stronghold of Conservatism for twenty years past, contemptuously rejected Mr. Balfour's latest addition to his Ministry, and returned a Liberal in his stead.

The country may not care about abstract discussions, but it does care a good deal about pusillanimity in high places. It laughed at General Kuropatkin when he explained his defeats by saying that he was "advancing backwards." And it smiles a cynical smile when Ministers say they have taken a beating "just for tactical reasons."

It is not the British way to take lickings lying down for any reasons whatever. The man who fights to a finish and is beaten wins our respect. The man "who fights and runs away" may "live to fight another day," but he will never be a hero in the British public's eyes.

No doubt these "abstract discussions" in the House of Commons on matters not actually before Parliament are a waste of time, but the remedy for this is to alter the rules of the House. If Mr. Balfour were to propose that, he would be heartily supported by all who regard Parliament as an assembly for doing business, and not as a debating society.

But to allow such debates to take place, and to take no part in them, was a plan certain to estrange the mass of his fellow-countrymen. "Strategic movements to the rear" are not popular among straightforward Britons.

As for the result of Mr. Villiers's victory, it may come after the Budget or it may not. We should not be surprised to see something taken off the income-tax next Monday, with a little reduction on tea, and an appeal to the country immediately afterwards.

But even the Chancellor, with his surplus, cannot hope to save the Government. They are certain to be beaten at the polls, whenever they go to them. We only wish the Liberals, who are greedily waiting for their places, were a more interesting and more trust-inspiring collection.

FOR RICH AND POOR ALIKE.

When a woman in a comfortable position in life commits a crime, ought her punishment to be less than that of an offender of lower rank? Ought the fact that she suffers more by being detected to be taken into account?

For our part, we think not, and we are glad to see that the Judge at North London Sessions yesterday took the same view. He had a painful case before him—a woman of education and means charged with shop-lifting. But he told the jury they must make no distinction between rich and poor.

If the rich suffer more, it is only just that they should do so, for their temptations are not so great, and they ought to be better able to resist temptation. There is quite enough favouritism and inequality in this country already without introducing it into the administration of justice.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The difficulty of literature is not to write, but to write what you mean. The business of life is mainly carried on by means of this difficult art of literature, and according to a man's proficiency in that art shall be the freedom and the fulness of his intercourse with other men.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE annual general meeting of the members of the National Art Collections Fund takes place to-night, and Lord Balcarras, almost the only one of our politicians who has time to be an art critic, too, is to preside. Lord Balcarras is very good-looking, and something of a dandy in dress. It was therefore supposed, when he entered the House of Commons some ten years ago, that he would turn out to be one of the languid members who only go in for politics because it is "the thing" to do so. One night, however, he rose to a rather empty and indifferent House and made so good a speech on China that he "counted" from that moment, and was never called a dandy again.

Lord Balcarras is full of theories and plans about social work in the slums. One of his favourite theories is concerned with pickpockets. He thinks that all pickpockets invariably attempt to rob one from the side opposite to themselves. One morning he was walking down Petticoat-lane with a friend, who determined to test the theory. He accordingly inserted his hand into Lord Balcarras's right-hand

Du Maurier went to a dinner-party at which both Sir Richard Webster and Sir Edward Clarke were asked to sing. After the performance Sir Richard came over to Du Maurier and said: "Excellent fellow, Clarke, only he will sing." A few minutes later Du Maurier met Sir Edward, who whispered to him with immense conviction: "Webster is a capital chap, but what a pity he thinks he can sing, eh?"

The news of the wedding of Mr. Harry Thaw, brother of Lady Yarmouth, with Miss Nesbit, the fair American chorus-girl and artist's model, shows once again that those who persevere in love always succeed. Mr. Thaw's family and friends were at one time desperately set against the match. First his mother, who had been left £28,000,000 by her husband, with the right to increase or decrease her son's allowance as she might think fit, threatened to allow him only a few hundreds a year. This threat must have sounded formidable to one of Mr. Thaw's expensive tastes, but he remained unshaken.

He pursued Miss Nesbit all over Europe while she was fulfilling a theatrical engagement over here

cause musical comedy had so deteriorated that to take part in it was an insult to one's intelligence. I had arrived at that stage when I absolutely hated musical comedy." Considering that Miss Tempest held the foremost place in musical comedy and considering her present position in legitimate comedy, her statement is worthy of weighty consideration. It is natural, too, that she should feel the lack of intellectuality in musical comedy, for she is certainly one of our intellectual actresses. Let us be thankful that she did not give up the stage altogether in disgust.

The lecture which Mr. Alfred Mosely is giving on "American Industry" to-night at the Royal Institution will certainly contain some hard truths for the too self-satisfied British tradesman. Mr. Mosely is firmly convinced that we have an immense amount to learn from America. He will also have something to say, no doubt, against the modern workman's craze for gentility in preference to hard, manual work. That is one of his pet subjects. When he was a boy his father offered him a position as an articled clerk in Bristol, but he preferred anything, even the rough mining work which he soon took up in South Africa, to the black coat and quill pen and settled boredom of a clerk's existence.

He made his fortune, after much hard work, in South Africa, and got to know all the famous organisers of that part of the world. He was an intense admirer of Cecil Rhodes, and has many curious stories to tell about the great man's perseverance and modesty. Rhodes was not, it appears, a bit like the ordinary purse-proud millionaire, with his eternal picture-gallery and marble mansion in the West End. Once a millionaire of that type began to boast before Rhodes about his pictures. "Have you ever seen mine?" said Rhodes. "No, what have you got?" My pictures, was the answer, "are on view daily—ape Town Docks, Kimberley Railway, Cape to Cairo Telegraph, Rhodesia, and a few others."

Mr. Ritchie has just returned to London with his daughters after the short tour in Italy and Sicily which he undertook after his wife's death to help him to shake off the deep depression caused by his bereavement. All his friends hope that the change may have improved his health and spirits. I call from a French paper, by the way, a delightful announcement of Mr. Ritchie's presence on the homeward journey in Paris, to add it to the collection which I gave a few days ago of such blunders in the spelling of English names. The announcement ran as follows:—"Sir Ritchie, Minister of Agriculture in England, left Paris by the ten o'clock train this morning."

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The New Member for Brighton.

MR. E. A. VILLIERS certainly enters Parliament with a great deal of distinction. In fact, he is distinguished already. He has won the most famous of all the by-election fights in which the Government has suffered defeat. His name and ancestry were of use to him. He is a grand-nephew of the old free trade champion, C. P. Villiers.

He was also helped by the fact that he has many titled relations, for the British voter, whatever his politics may be, still loves a lord.

Although his father was a country parson, he is the nephew of one peer, the son-in-law of another, the brother-in-law of a third. His brothers both married into the peerage. Finally, he has Mr. Winston Churchill for his cousin.

It was while he was cousin to St. George's, Hanover-square, that Mr. Villiers—the Rev. Ernest Villiers he was then—won and won the Hon. Elaine Guest, daughter of Lord and Lady Wimbome.

Up to that time his career had not been brilliant. At Cambridge he was neither very popular nor at all learned. In fact, he had hard work to get even a pass degree.

As a clergyman he was little heard of. The vocation did not suit him, and no one was surprised when he dropped his orders and became a layman again.

That was in 1901. Since then he has been waiting for the chance that came to him when Mr. Loder was appointed to be a Junior Lord of the Treasury. He had sedulously cultivated Brighton, and he went in and won.

What he will do now remains to be seen. He has a great opportunity.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 6.—Although spring has only just begun, the garden seems a mass of greenery and flowers. Following the early daffodils, the lovely large and small-capped narcissi are appearing. The king of the former section is "Sir Watkin," which is familiar to all, if not by name.

Plum and cherry trees are now bursting into bloom. Why should not fruit-trees deck out gardens? Is there a blossom more charming than the apple, a berry ruddier than the ripe fruit?

Roses look splendid. Buds are to be seen on some of them.

A walk to the woods reveals the wood anemones beginning to whiten the dead leaves. E. P. T.

NOT SUCH A SAFE SEAT AS HE THOUGHT!



Mr. Gerald Loder was appointed a Junior Lord of the Treasury because it was supposed his seat at Brighton was quite safe. Unfortunately for him, it collapsed altogether.

coat-pocket in the thick of a ragged crowd. Lord Balcarras turned sharply round to the left, and, seeing a fat man standing near him, who, according to his theory, ought to have been the thief, he struck him full in the chest. A formidable row followed, and eventually Lord Balcarras had to offer the fat man his apologies and admit that his theory was for once wrong.

It is rather hard on Sir Edward Clarke that he should have been most ungenerously chosen by the "Times" to serve as scapegoat in the matter of the Brighton election, and to bear the blame of Mr. Loder's failure. The good people of Brighton, the grave journal tells us, have never forgiven Sir Edward Clarke for his attitude in regard to the Boer war, and they have vented the indignation they felt at the prospect of his candidature upon Mr. Loder himself. The explanation is certainly hard also upon the Brighton politicians, and attributes to them an extraordinary intolerance of independent opinion. Sir Edward Clarke, I have always thought, has owed much of his popularity, on the contrary, to the fact that he knows how to speak his mind without fear.

Sir Edward is a man of strong opinions, but he is modest enough in spite of that. It is said that one of his weaknesses is a conviction that he has a fine voice for singing. One night the late George

last year. Then his family attacked the lady herself. They offered her large sums of money if she would only be less fascinating and leave their relative alone. No attention was paid to their complaints. Mr. Thaw followed his enchantress with pathetic determination: they were seen together in hotels and on the boat crossing, but he still could not persuade her to marry him. Now at last he has been successful; his mother has allowed him £20,000 a year; his bride has been provided with a sumptuous trousseau; and their journey has ended happily in the proverbial meeting.

Some time ago musical comedy lost Miss Marie Tempest for good, but musical comedy's loss was legitimate comedy's gain. Now legitimate comedy is to lose her, though only for a season, for on Saturday she starts for America. In America it is customary to wait on the distinguished arrival, and the moment he or she sets foot on land to propound the question: "What do you think of America?" I have gone one better; I have been questioning Miss Tempest before she starts, but not about America. I asked her the real reason why she gave up musical comedy. I must say that the reason was rather a shock, though on thinking it over I see no reason for surprise.

"When I abandoned singing parts for ordinary speaking ones," said Miss Tempest, "I did so be-



NEWS BY CAMERAS

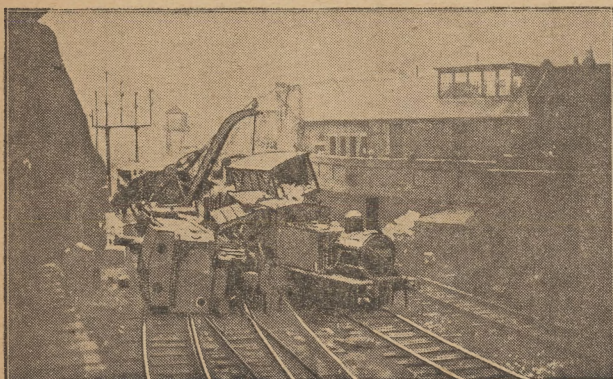


AERONAUTS WAITING TO CROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL BY BALLOON.

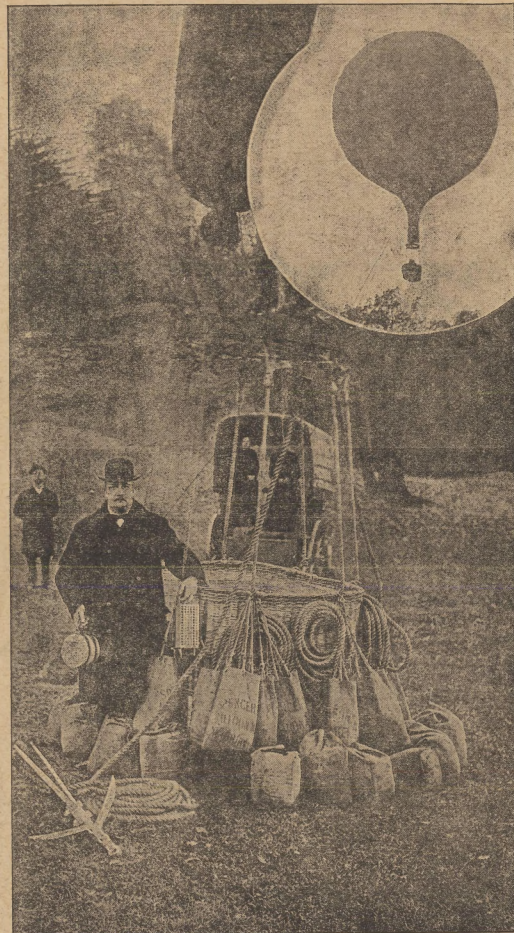


M. Jacques Faure, the French aeronaut, ready for his attempt to cross the Channel from Folkestone. His balloon, the Aero Club II., is in the basket, and his two companions are the Marquis de Kergarion, on the left, and M. Gasner, on the right.

FATAL RAILWAY COLLISION AT STRATFORD.



Near Stratford Market Station, on the Great Eastern Railway, an empty passenger train collided with a goods train. The engine of the goods train was thrown over, and the fireman, William Secker, was caught beneath it and killed.



Mr. Frank Butler, the founder of the Aero Club, waiting at the Crystal Palace for a favourable wind which will give him a chance of crossing to France.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN PRESENTING PRIZES.



H.R.H. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein presenting prizes to the successful riders in the Garth Hunt Point-to-Point Races, at Newlands, Wokingham.

FUNERAL OF COLONEL WATKIN, SUPERINTENDENT



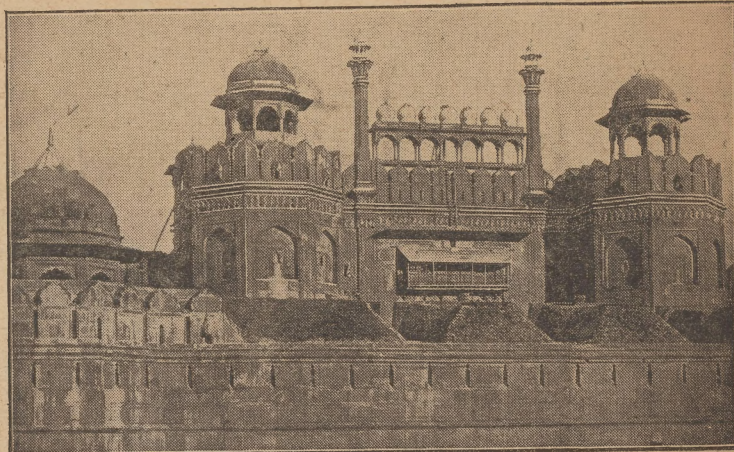
Scene in the Royal Small Arms factory at Enfield during the funeral of the late Colonel Watkin, by the whole of the

PICTURES OF EVENTS

BUILDINGS WRECKED IN DELHI AND MUSSOORIE BY THE GREAT INDIAN EARTHQUAKE.

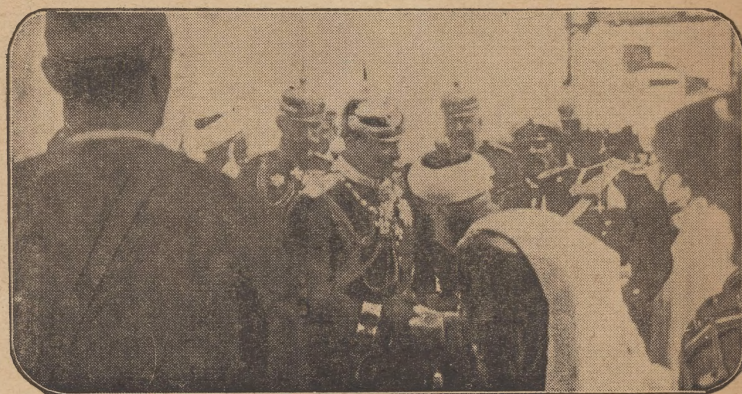


at Mussorie, where eleven shocks of earthquake did an enormous amount of damage. Earth in this quarter heaved so violently that people could not keep their feet.



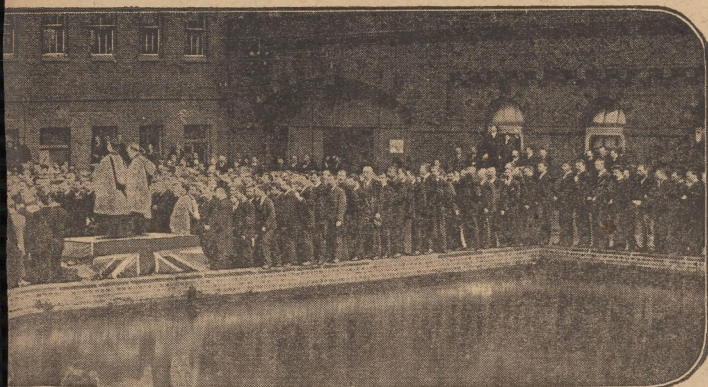
Lahore Gate at Delhi, which had one of its minarets thrown down by the earthquake. The first shocks in this city were so severe that natives squatting on the ground were turned completely over, and these shocks were followed by earth tremors that lasted for nearly an hour.

GERMAN EMPEROR GREETED BY KAID MACLEAN IN MOROCCO.



The German Emperor, who has created so much anxiety in diplomatic circles by his visit to Morocco, being greeted in Tangier by Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, organiser of the Sultan's army.

OF THE ROYAL SMALL ARMS FACTORY AT ENFIELD.



S. Watkin, C.B., who had been superintendent of the works since 1899. The funeral was attended by employees, numbering 2,500.

MIDDLESEX BEAT DEVONSHIRE AT RUGBY.



Middlesex won the Southern Counties Rugby Championship at Richmond, beating Devon by 18 points to 6. Our photograph shows a Devonshire man about to pick up.

BEGGING AS A TRADE.

Many Live Better by It Than They Could by Honest Work.

\$100,000 are given away every year to beggars in the streets of London.

So said the chairman at the Mendicity Society's meeting—the society which exists to prevent unscrupulous beggars from imposing upon the charitable.

It has in its archives the life histories of 70,000 street beggars, and these amply justify the contention of Mr. Pierpoint, M.P., that "many men make a better living at begging than they would if they worked honestly."

In the "Pall Mall Magazine" this month there are some striking stories from the experience of a popular preacher which illustrate this point:—

Not long ago I met a ragged man in the street. He might have sat to an artist for a figure of Woe. I stopped and said to him: "Friend, you look very miserable. You must be cold"—the wind was blowing from the north-east, and seemed to wither up all that came in its path.

He shuddered pathetically, and a look of anguish came into his watery blue eyes. "You must sell a good many boxes of matches before you can buy your dinner. Don't you think you had better leave the cold street and come with me?" I said, handing him one of my cards. He read it, and his face cleared up as if a magic sponge had been passed over it.

"Not me," he answered derisively; "why, you run the show where they make 'em work, don't you?"

"Yes," I said; "you don't think we are going to give you food unless you earn it?" He laughed in my face, and plunging his fist into the depths of a cavernous pocket, brought out a handful of copper and silver coins.

"See that, guy? Now, why should I work when I can get all I want without it?"

ROBBING THE POOR.

Here is another true story, more painful than the last, because it shows that these shameless won't work but rob even the hard-working poor.

The other day a man, poorly clad, whose face was stricken with grief, knocked at the door of a house, and said to the woman who opened it, "Do you think you could spare me a penny stamp to put on this letter to my mother in the country?" holding it out in his hand.

"My father," he went on in tremulous tones, "has just died, and I would give my poor mother such comfort if she had a few lines from me, for I am all she has now left in the world. But I am out of work, and my wife has pawned all the furniture. Can you help me in my distress?"

The pathetic appeal met with ready response, and the good woman at once gave him a penny, which she covered all spare, for she was a widow with three children, who supported her.

Souls Adrift.

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XVII.

An hour or so after Montague Stone's departure from the Devonian Hotel Cecilia's new-found exhilaration of spirit began to wear off. She no longer took a curious delight in her freedom—she felt lonely, and the future looked dim and cheerless, for Cecilia had always been a woman of moods, and depression had begun to set in.

She took no real joy in her theatrical triumph, nor did she believe much in her own star. She realised—and with some judgment—that she owed her great success as "The Puritan Girl" to those very qualities which would stand against her in other parts. For Cecilia knew that the heroine of musical comedy must not always expect to play the quiet, demure rôle of the Quakeress; there would be times when she might find it fatal to succeed, and when soft, downcast eyes and shrinking nervousness would not serve her turn.

Cecilia remembered that Grant Malcolm had pretty well promised her the part of Francesca in his opera; but here, again, the girl felt dismayed. She thought herself unequal to portraying the passion-pale Francesca, who could smile as the winds of Hell tossed her light body on their flaming wings, smile because she was still with Paolo, sharing the doom and the punishment of the lover she adored.

"I cannot realise such a depth of passion," so Cecilia murmured slowly and thoughtfully to herself; "but I suppose I have never been really in love. Poor Robert—Francesca, who could smile as I first met him, but I was little more than a schoolgirl then, and I thought a runaway marriage would be romantic." Her face grew grave as she remembered the years that had followed the unhappy marriage, and how her youth and pretty

self in one room by sewing the silk of delicate sunshades—such as are seen in the Park—to their frame. It is very ill-paid work; indeed, she made but eightpence in a day of many hours. The man went on his way profuse with thanks, and the ready tears in his eyes.

Yet it was but an artful trick, by which the impostor collected from poor people over a hundred pence in postage stamps in an hour or two. But, not content with the result of his cunning, he paid a visit to a certain workshop where a meal and shelter are provided for poor men who pay for them by chopping firewood, and where he himself had spent the previous night.

"What fools you are to work like this!" he said. "You know I left here this morning without a penny. Just look here!" showing a handful of money; and then, without any sense of shame, told them how he had made it.

HEREDITARY CRIME.

Many beggars and thieves are brought up to be thieves and pickpockets. An outbreak came out of prison one day and fell into the popular preacher's hands.

"What are you?" he asked the man.

"A pickpocket."

"Have you never done any work?"

"I never did a day's honest work since I was born. I have always picked pockets."

He was now middle-aged, diminutive in stature, and with beautifully shaped hands, almost like a woman's.

"What! you were born a pickpocket!"

"That's right. Father was a pickpocket, mother was a pickpocket, and uncle was a 'so'—that is, a receiver of stolen property—so it was a family business, like."

So long as such cases as these exist in their thousands, so long will there be need for the work of the Mendicity Society, which inquires into all applications for money, and lets those who are applied to know whether the applicants are deserving or not.

So well and quickly do they make the inquiries that the King has just increased his annual subscription as a testimony to their business-like methods.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY

About the Severe Defeat of the Government Candidate at Brighton.

Disaster.—"Standard."

The result of Unionist disunion.—"Daily Mail."

A call to Mr. Balfour to resign.—"Daily Chronicle."

A serious warning that dissatisfaction prevails.—"Morning Post."

Reflects the indignation that possesses the country.—"Daily News."

Worthy of very careful attention from the Government.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

A heavy blow, and one which may have far-reaching consequences.—"Globe."

It is Mr. Balfour himself who has won Brighton for us.—"Westminster Gazette."

Perhaps the severest electoral blow the Government have had to suffer.—"Times."

nearly her life had been sacrificed to her husband's terrible egotism. She shuddered over these years now, though she had gone through them with a smiling face in the past, and she asked herself with wonder how she had been able to support existence with Robert, and even to believe herself happy.

"I lived in a dream world of my own, I suppose," Cecilia concluded at last. Then her face grew very pensive as she reflected on the offer Montague Stone had made her, and remembered how he had asked her to be his wife a short hour ago.

Why had she sent the man away? Why hadn't she been glad to promise herself to him and leave the hard life in front for the easy and well-cared for existence he promised?

Cecilia could not answer the question, but she knew quite well in the deep depths of her heart that she did not love Montague as a wife should love her husband. Her first marriage had been a ghastly failure; let her be careful about a second. Kind and loving as Montague Stone would be, Cecilia had a curious feeling that he was no more the true mate for her soul than Robert Liddard had been, and she shrank back from the mere idea of his kisses, and the thought of passing the rest of her life in his company aroused a feeling of dull heaviness and weary despondency.

Against her will Cecilia suddenly found herself thinking of Jack Hallows, and she blushed with quiet annoyance when she discovered she could not banish the young man's image from her mind. Why should she think of someone who was almost a stranger, and so intently—so lingeringly? For even though the young sailor's hearty clapping had been the means of preventing her breakdown on the first night of "The Puritan Girl," still she felt a curious, virginal reluctance to let her thoughts be on him; a delicate, dainty shyness; she was timid and shrinking, an unmarried girl might have been in allowing her heart to harbour a masculine image, a very Madonna of snow.

Cecilia decided to go out for a little drive, and ordered a fly to be got ready. Careful though she was of unnecessary expense, her head ached so

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

Readers Discuss Whether Christian Science Is a Blessing or a Curse.

I am sure your correspondent is right about Christian Science causing misery in the home.

When a husband investigates this and other occult matters, he begins to look around for his affinity. Needless to say she is soon found, and his home, wife, and children are neglected.

A WIFE.

If "homes have been wrecked and husbands set against their wives, and vice versa," it is not the fault of the one who believes in Christian Science.

To be a Christian Scientist means to be all that is good, tolerant, and just. What is really wanted is more toleration and justice from those who do not believe in Christian Science.

Surely we must respect those who do their best to follow Christ's example. That is what Christian Scientists most surely strive to do.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

ARMY RATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

In reply to several of your correspondents, I may say that I left a home in England, where I had all the necessities of life and some of its luxuries, during my service in South Africa. I was healthy and happy all the time, and never turned my nose up once at the "detestable" bully-beef and bacon or the "shuddering" jam.

It disgusts me to read of a yeoman going to fight for his country "shuddering" at the words "apricot jam." I wonder what he did when he saw a Bear.

EX-BRABANT'S HORSE.

Harleston.

WHERE WIVES ARE WANTED.

I have your very interesting paper sent to me regularly, and I read with much interest an article entitled "Would-be Brides."

I should like you to make it known that in Canada, and more especially in the British Colony in the Saskatchewan Valley, there are any number of bachelors, all working well on their homesteads, who would be only too glad if the opportunity were afforded them of marrying wives who would adapt themselves to the ways of this country.

DURHAM OZANNE.

Lloydminster, N.W.T., Canada.

CONDEMNATION OF THE CHILDLESS.

I am the father of what are called "encumbered" children. Four of them. What is my experience? Since I became a father I have been chained down like a slave. The business "man" (devil would be more fitting) knows that a single man can leave him at any moment, but the married man cannot. Ergo, the "father" is a compressible quantity.

My children have made me happy, yet I grieve often to think of what may be their fate—doomed perhaps to toil like their father for a pittance, or else to die in agony in some future battle for the weal, not of the country, but of some crew of Jewish speculators.

No, children are not wanted; yet you will feel the want of them one day when German swords are at your throats.

Vox.

Dulwich.

painfully that she felt she must do something to cure herself or else her acting would suffer that evening; so she ordered the carriage with a clear conscience. She glanced at herself curiously in the glass as she adjusted her hat; what was there in her pale, sad face to attract anyone, she wondered; then a sudden knowledge of her subtle charm came home. She understood the beauty of her red mouth and the moulding of her thin face, the value of the purple shading of her eyelids, the soft fineness of her fair hair; and as she gazed intently at her own image she realised with a little throb of the heart that she was staring at a stranger, a woman of whom she in reality knew nothing.

Already the new Cecilia had gained a new expression, a new smile—and what did the faint smile mean; also, what strange emotions were at work in her heart, and what foolish fancies stirring in her soul?

Cecilia waved her hand to her reflection before she ran out of the little bedroom. "We must learn to understand each other, you and I," she said in her soft, clear voice, "or the Cecilia who was may hurt the new Cecilia cruelly, for I think the old Cecilia was more out of life than her sister did—roses instead of rosemary, music, lilies, and colour. She is weary of the bitter waters of Marah, she wants to drink from the golden cup of life and to dance to the clashing of the cymbals of joy."

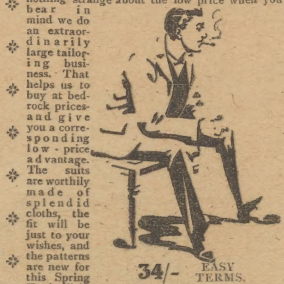
It was pleasant driving through the quaint, old-fashioned town of Plymouth, and Cecilia soon lost her headache and began to take a childish delight in the hour, but she felt shy whenever she encountered her face on the posters—"The Puritan Girl" had been billed all over the town—and was not sorry when her driver took her out into the open country.

The girl leaned back against the cushions of the shabby little victoria, and half closed her eyes, appreciating the intense peace and restfulness after the bustle and movement of the last few weeks, the weary fatigue of long rehearsals, and the feverish excitement of a player's life. Cecilia was not a Bohemian at heart, and never had been. All her tastes were quiet and domestic, and the life of a

(Continued on page 11.)

MEMORABLE SUITS

It will be a memorable event your buying your Easter Suit from us. Nothing like the values we offer exist anywhere else to day. The suit we offer—Lounge or S.H. Reefer—is such an extraordinary value that the price seems almost when compared with the prices of other West-end tailors. But there's nothing strange about the low price when you hear I intend we do an extraordinary large tailoring business. That helps us to buy at bed-rock prices and give you a corresponding low price advantage. The suits are worthily made of splendid cloths, the fit will be just to your wishes, and the patterns are new for this Spring Trade.



Free Patterns and Book of Styles. For cash down we allow a discount of 2s. in the 2, or you can buy on our Easy Credit Plan. We pay carriage. Say whether you want DARK or LIGHT cloth patterns when you write.

CHEAP BOOTS—MEN'S.

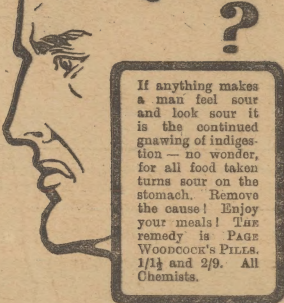
There are cheap boots, made to sell only; these are made to wear comfortably and a long time. The material is good, and the methods of making are right. They are nicely shaped—kid, leathers, uppers, medium or broad toes, leather lined, and cost only 10s. 9d. Easy Terms. Ask for BOOT self-measurement form when you write.

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HAIR DESTROYED

root and branch, permanently, painlessly, and inexpensively. For free particulars, write CAPILLUS MANUFACTURING CO., 177, Gresham House, 205 Regent Street, London, W.

Indigestion



If anything makes a man feel sour and look sour it is the continued gnawing of indigestion—no wonder, for all food taken turns sour on the stomach. Remove the cause! Enjoy your meals! The remedy is PAGE WOODCOCK'S PILLS, 1/4 and 2/6. All Chemists.

A PERFECT POLISH

WITHOUT BLACKING, PASTES or LIQUIDS The "ICEO" SELF-POLISHING BOOT PADS. Send P.O. 1/- for Sample Pad. Carriage Paid. A. Burmanton & Co., 4, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

A GOOD MOTHER.

Everybody who knows anything will admit that to have a good mother is the best start one can have in life, for a good mother cares for the body and mind of her child, and is always thinking how she can improve both. Nature and science work with her to this end, and the latter has produced that valuable article known as DR. RIDGE'S delicious COOKED FOOD for children and invalids, which for many years has held its position as the leading Food, and has an enormous sale throughout the globe. All good mothers should get a supply of DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.

MR. BARRIE'S WAY.

Puzzling Construction of a Piece Which Will Be Much Discussed.

It is always interesting to try and discover how an author writes his plays, what idea he begins with, and how he works it out.

No dramatist is so baffling in this respect as Mr. Barrie. His plays are so full of odd, fantastic notions, their mechanism is so unexpected, their plots so ingenious, that it is next door to impossible to imagine what suggested them or how they took shape in his mind.

What was the root-idea of "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," the play which everybody will be talking about during the next few weeks? Did Mr. Barrie set out to show how a nice woman, rather too fond of admiration, was cured of her tendency towards flirtation by discovering how pleasant it was to have a son and daughter to love? Or was his first intention to make fun of problem plays by showing how a schoolgirl took them seriously, and tried to behave in real life as people behave in trying situations on the stage?

Or were these two motives merely embroidered on to an original design of getting both fun and pathos out of the homecoming from India of a father and mother who have not seen their children for many years?

Who can tell? Only Mr. Barrie himself. Perhaps not even he. The play may have developed in his brain so gradually that it would puzzle him to say exactly what seed it grew out of.

Those, at any rate, are the three leading motives of "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," and each one forms the basis of an act.

AN AWKWARD MEETING.

The first act shows us the arrival of Colonel and Mrs. Grey. The son, a naval cadet, is terribly afraid lest his father should want to kiss him. The girl fears her mother may be yellow and old. Both of them feel that the meeting will be rather awkward. They are anxious to get the demonstrations of affection over as quickly as possible.

Naturally there is some awkwardness. These always is when it is expected. The mother tells her boy, in an ecstasy of affection, that she could sit and kiss him all day. He replies that "of course, he has his work to do." Eventually she boxes his ears for suggesting that she is too old to play young girls' parts in amateur theatricals. With her delicious schoolgirl (deliciously played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh) Mrs. Grey determines to be less demonstrative. This has the result of making Amy think her mother does not care for her. She is ready to believe the worst of such a cold, unnatural parent, and falls headlong into a frightful mistake (caused by going to live theatres in a week), when she hears Mrs. Grey promising to go round after dinner to the rooms of a nice boy she has known in India.

The second act shows how Amy tried to "save her mother" from this supposed entanglement after the manner of heroines of problem plays. Her

heroics are most amusing, and the tangle the situation gets into makes one's brain reel.

All the characters are at cross purposes. Amy thinks her mother loves Stephen Rollo, and makes Rollo think so too. Her mother thinks Stephen is playing fast and loose with Amy. Her father doesn't know what to think. How it is going to be put straight one cannot see.

Then, heigh presto! Mr. Barrie's quaint invention cuts the knot. Mrs. Grey falls in with her daughter's fancy. "Let us go together to a problem play," she says, "and see if we cannot discover a happy ending."

It is in the third act that we get the reformation of Mrs. Grey. The happy ending is found. Mother tells Father everything, and he pretends to be



Miss ELLEN TERRY.-(Lafayette.)

furious. As soon as the boy and girl imagine that their mother needs their defence against their father they rally to her.

She has won their love, and the joy of it makes her decide that henceforward she will be a home-lover—not Alice Gad-About, but Alice Sit-by-the-Fire.

Mark, however, that the girl still imagines her mother to be well-say, a flirt; and that both children think their father a violent-tempered, ill-conditioned husband, who is unkind to his wife.

Perhaps, though, that is taking the thing too seriously. After all, it is only Mr. Barrie's little joke. If the play had any smack of reality about it, the ending would be painful. But it is pure fantasy.

All one need recall are Miss Ellen Terry's fascinating, infectious laughter; Miss Vanbrugh's equally amusing seriousness; and the quips and cranks that arouse merriment every now and then from beginning to end of the play. II. II. P.

HATS FOR CLERGYMEN.

A religious magazine is dissatisfied with the hats which clergymen wear, and suggests a prize for a new design.

To most people it will seem, we should imagine, that there are plenty of different designs already. A clergyman can wear either a top-hat, or a soft felt hat, or a hard felt wide-brake, or a black straw, or even, as the Bishop of London does in hot weather, a cloth cap.

Surely that gives him plenty of choice.

REFORMS FOR ETON.

Mr. A. C. Benson's Striking Condemnation of the School System.

As we stated yesterday, Mr. A. C. Benson, son of the late Archbishop Benson, was not a candidate for the headmastership of Eton. But there is no doubt that, all the same, many people hoped to see him appointed.

He is certainly a man who would have reformed the school. Possibly the governors were afraid he would reform it too much. Some time ago he published privately a little book on Eton, called "The Myrtle Bough," in which he made some drastic criticisms and suggestions. Here are some of them:—

"Masters get houses too late, and keep house too long. I should like to see a young man attached to every house."

"It would not be true to say that there is no intellectual life at Eton, but there is very little."

"I do not believe rank at Eton has the slightest weight, except that among lower boys the possession of a title may be considered fairly ridiculous."

"I think we pay a somewhat high price for the degree of liberty which we entrust to the boys, in the extraordinary conventionality which they have set up for themselves."

"A witty writer once said of an educational crisis at Eton that the usual struggle between Eton and education had taken place, and that Eton had, as usual, had the upper hand."

THE REFORM OF ATHLETICS.

"As to athletics, I want to disperse some of the pomposities, the solemnities, and the prigisms of it, and to set athletics in their place as delightful amusements, not as matters of grave and sad concern."

"Many boys are hardly educated at all."

"The masters are crushed beneath a mass of drudgery."

The barrenness of our results is not due so much to our methods as to the kind of boys we teach.

"We are too prosperous. I think we are apt to attribute to our system here what is in reality the result of our prestige."

"We pack on work of a dull type just to get the empty hours filled."

"We send out very few first-rate boys, and a great number of thoroughly uneducated ones."

"No one connected with Eton seems to think even dimly of finding out what other schools are doing in the training of scholars or in any other respect."

"Experience seems to me to prove that a classical education is not well-fitted to the majority of minds."

"To make no real attempt to teach geography, to leave boys stupidly ignorant of the personages and the politics of the last century, seems to me a lamentable mistake; if it does not deserve a harder name."

The whole system cries out for simplification of subjects, of time-tables, of method, and of results.

"The only benefit many boys get from their education at Eton is that they learn how to do work which under no circumstances is made, or can be made, interesting."

water in his blood? He was curiously pleased to find that Cecilia shared in his affection for the ocean.

"I love the sea," replied Cecilia, "it sings songs to me, and it tells me stories—stories sad and gay. Tales of ships which sail happily to the golden isles, and of vessels which never come home." Her voice had a soft quaver in it, a warm, low note; Jack likened it in his heart to most perfect music.

"Do you know I am so glad to have met you this afternoon," Cecilia went on, after a long pause—a pause during which she had kept her eyes fixed on the dancing, leaping waves, acutely conscious all the while that the young sailor was gazing steadily at her. "For I want to thank you again, Mr. Hallows, I had so little time the other night, for Mr. Grant Malton, when he interrupted the conversation so over his opera—to thank you for giving me courage to play my part on the first night of 'The Puritan Girl,' for your clapping saved me." Cecilia poured the words out eagerly.

She would have been too shy to say much to Jack Hallows the preceding night, even if she had had the chance; but Grant had taken up her time, and beyond the few words she had interchanged with the sailor on his first introduction and a hurried good-night, Cecilia and Jack had had no conversation together; their eyes had met, their hands had touched—but that was all.

Now, however, Cecilia felt less nervous. She and Jack were alone together, and she wanted to tell him what was in her heart, to express her fervent thanks, her very real gratitude.

Jack flushed to the roots of his crisp brown hair, yet a delicious thrill ran through his body at Cecilia's words. He wished he had done something to deserve her gratitude, something brave and fine—rescued her from a blazing theatre, or from a furious crowd, or even, if he could, from the peril of his life. Now all he could do was to stammer out that he had done nothing deserving of praise or thanks. As to applauding her on her first entrance

(Continued on page 13.)

THIN * WEAK * WASTED

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BROKEN NERVES, LOST APPETITE

AND INDIGESTION, ALL ARISING FROM ACUTE STOMACH DISORDER

CURED BY

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

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"I used to suffer terribly from nervousness and indigestion and became very thin, weak and wasted. My appetite failed and the little food I ate caused me much pain and a tightness across the chest. My nerves were so weak that the least sound made me tremble. I also had acute headache from what proved to be an abscess."

I began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup and very soon felt like a new being.

I gained strength and continuing with the Syrup soon became quite well. My husband also suffered in much the same way and the Syrup cured him as well.

We always keep it in the house."—Letter of January 26, 1905, from Mrs. Florence Nightingale Andrews, 209, Guinness Buildings, Columbia Road, Hackney Road, London, E.

* Neither you nor your husband, relative or friend need suffer from these ailments—simply get from your Chemist a half-crown bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup, use it and it will cure you.

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SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

summer was the very last she would have chosen had any real choice been given her. She knew this, and it made the present moment all the more enjoyable. It was delicious to get away from the hot atmosphere of the green-room, the odour of face-powder and perfumes, and feel the breeze fresh from the sea blowing over her face, and smell the salt ozone in the air.

When she had driven for about an hour Cecilia stopped the carriage and told the driver he could rest his horse a little whilst she clambered her way down to the seashore, for Cecilia had a great love of the sea, and had purposely chosen a drive that would bring her within view of the water.

Now the longing was on her to get near to the line of waves and walk on the crunching shingle. She had a fancy to peer into the little pools left by the receding tide, the pools so beloved of childhood. She wanted to pick up shells and seaweed, to get as close to the sea as she could, to laugh if the spray wet her face, or if a wave caught her feet.

Cecilia clambered down the cliff, taking a keen joy in the little adventure. She was very sure-footed, and the descent was not particularly difficult. Then she made her way across shingle and sand to the very edge of the water.

She laughed and clapped her hands, pleased when her hair blew over her forehead, delighted with the rough play of the waves, and it was thus that Jack Hallows came upon her; Jack, turning round from some of the shore to start back surprised and confused.

It was bad enough to be dreaming of Cecilia Melwyn, but it was worse—far worse—to be suddenly confronted by the breathing, living woman herself. He set his lips hard—then walked slowly forward, trying to persuade his conscience that he could not well then come without seeming discourtesy to a lady, yet feeling perfectly well assured that his best safety lay in flight.

Cecilia started when she heard the sound of approaching footsteps; then, when she turned round

and saw the tall figure of Jack Hallows, all the blood rushed to her face, and she flushed a warm and lovely crimson. Her heart began to beat and flutter, also she felt strangely and unaccountably nervous, for what was the young sailor to Cecilia that she should feel stirred and agitated by his approach? The girl asked herself the question doubtfully, then shut her ears against the answer.

She stooped down, shy and confused, as the young man came nearer, and picked up a pebble to throw it with wild and reckless aim into the sea, then she threw another, and another. "I might be a tripper," thought Cecilia, "a shop-girl enjoying a Bank Holiday. He must think me very idiotic and foolish." She had no idea how charming she looked, hurling her pebbles at the dancing waves, the line of her slim young figure receding as she bent and strained her body, her hair blown about her face—nothing of the actress about her—her whole manner that of the budding girl, the girl shy as yet of her womanhood.

Jack Hallows came up to Cecilia and held out his hand. His gay, boyish smile had quite deserted him, to be replaced by a grave and earnest expression, and he had grown very much more serious in the presence of the woman he had no right to think of, and he advanced to her side unwillingly, feeling as if fate had not played the game with a man in allowing this chance meeting to happen.

"I did not expect to come upon you here, Miss Melwyn," he said quietly, "but isn't it jolly down by the sea?" he spoke with a certain embarrassment, yet he held Cecilia's fingers longer than courtesy or the length of their acquaintanceship dictated—longer—much longer.

"It's perfect," answered Cecilia slowly. She meant what she said; a wonderful feeling of warmth and well-being had dawned on her with Jack Hallows's advent. She had suddenly become conscious of her own youth, and her right to demand some happiness of life, some atonement for a miserable past.

"You are fond of the sea?" asked Jack. He smiled, for wasn't he a sailor, and the love of salt

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DRESS AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE—MISS ELLEN TERRY'S ROSE TOILETTE.

STAGE INSPIRATIONS.

BEAUTIFUL GOWNS FOR GREAT ACTRESSES.

There are some very lovely and eminently becoming gowns to be seen at the Duke of York's Theatre in Mr. Barrie's new play, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire."

Every woman who sees Miss Ellen Terry's exquisite robe of rose-coloured satin, which will be observed sketched on this page, will be full of admiration for it. The bodice and sleeves are arranged in large tucks very much after a Japanese type.

An Old World Collar and Sleeves.

Over the shoulders is posed a delicately embroidered muslin collar edged with a ruffle of Valenciennes lace, and the vest that is shown beneath is made of lace, finished with the finest satin rosettes to match the toilette. The under-sleeves with their puffs and flounces intensify the whiteness of the vest and collar and add to the generally most becoming effect of the scheme.

A silver belt girdles the waist, and the flowing skirt is trimmed with a plastron of embroidery and chiffon, edged by a rouleau of sable, which fur also trims the sleeves and bodice.

Empire Gowns Again.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh's Empire dress will surely set the fashion once more for a type of robe that is as becoming as it is simple. It is very soft and very white, and is allied to the most dainty little chemise of white net finished with Lilliputian bows of white baby ribbon, a charmingly girlish notion that the little sleeves repeat. A broad belt is swathed round the waist, composed of white satin ribbon and silver gauze, and at the edge of the skirt are two deep tucks, above which a bordering of fan-shaped pleats provides a dainty finish.

Blush-Rose Lining to a Cloak.

This toilette is sketched at the left-hand side of the picture, and above in the medallion is shown the cloak of white cashmere, also worn by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, which is finished with ruffles of pleated chiffon and a very pretty snow-white marabout cape and stole. The lining of the cloak is of a delicate blush-rose colour, a decidedly successful choice.

A LUNCHEON DISH.

GALANTINE OF VEAL.

INGREDIENTS.—About two pounds of breast of veal, two pounds of raw sausages, half a pound of cooked ham, three hard-boiled eggs, salt, pepper, nutmeg; a few truffles, gherkins, and pistachio nuts if liked.

Remove all the bones and tendons. Trim the edges of the meat and flatten it well out. Sprinkle the inside over well with salt and pepper. Remove the sausage-meat from the skins and mix into it a little extra salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Spread half of this evenly over the veal. Cut the ham and eggs into long strips, also the truffles and gherkins, etc., if they are being used.

Arrange these ingredients alternately down the length of the veal, so that when it is rolled the strips run from end to end. Season it again and spread over the rest of the sausage-meat. Roll the veal from side to side into a neat roll. Tie it in a scalded but not floured cloth. Tie the end firmly. Place it in the stock-pot and simmer very gently for four or five hours. Then untie the cloth, and re-roll it tightly in it. Place it between tins with evenly-placed weights on the top till cold. Remove the cloth. Glaze the galantine. Decorate it with butter, piped on, or apple jelly with fresh salad round.

LITTLE THINGS OF DRESS.

Cut steel side-combs are much worn in the hair. Brilliance of colour is conspicuous in the hats of the season.

Leather foliage in realistic colourings is an artistic millinery novelty.

Handkerchiefs with broderie Anglaise borders have made their appearance.

Pink and mauve is a combination of colours that is a great favourite in Paris now.

White linen embroidered collars and cuffs are worn with both cloth and silk frocks.

Forget-me-nots, lilac, and moss-roses are the flowers most in demand for spring millinery.

Handkerchief linen will be used for lingerie blouses and whole dresses during the coming summer.

FOR THE TOO ROBUST.

WHAT TO AVOID AND WHAT TO DO.

Here are some rules for those who are desirous of becoming thinner, owing to their sufferings from superfluous flesh:—

Drink tea instead of coffee.

Take plenty of exercise, and use the dumb-bells regularly every morning.

Give up starchy foods, and eat toast or bran biscuits instead of ordinary bread.

Take no sugar and no milk with tea. Learn to drink it with lemon squeezed into it.

When thirsty eat an orange or an apple instead of drinking a hearty draught of water.

Don't abandon a meal; for this may result in a bad headache, but eat with regularity, and not too much.



In the new Barrie play Miss Ellen Terry wears an exquisite rose-coloured satin robe and Miss Irene Vanbrugh a white Empire one that is most becoming.

SOULS' ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 11.)

on the stage, that had been a great privilege, a privilege he would eternally be proud of.

Cecilia listened, and smiled happily. She liked Jack Hallows's honest humility, accustomed as she had been to the egotistical, bombast of Robert Lidiard, also she was woman enough to appreciate the young man's real admiration. She smiled herself brightly in his praise, and when he eulogised her acting she took a pride for the first time in her art, a very real pleasure in her success.

"Not that I am the least bit of an actress at heart," she said slowly. "Pressure of strange circumstances alone took me on the stage, no theatrical ambition or love of the life." Cecilia flushed and paused. She had not meant to say as much; but her lip in some confusion; then, to hide her embarrassment, sat down on a heap of shingle flung up in a mass of storm.

Jack Hallows hesitated for a second; then, yielding to a temptation he could in no way overcome, he seated himself by Cecilia's side.

"This in all my life has been the last time we shall ever meet," he averred to himself; and then a wild desire came over him to make the most of the hour. He knew he had found in Cecilia Melvyn the woman his whole soul went to; a woman whose face had haunted his dreams for years, yet what could Cecilia be to him? There was Kitty to be considered—Kitty, who wore his

ring upon her finger; also, those two old men, his father and uncle, to say nothing of Miss Maria.

Jack Hallows dallied with temptation. He let the sea lull his conscience to rest with soft, soothing music. He sat by Cecilia's side and listened to Cecilia's voice, and he was happy—certainly, he was happy.

Cecilia was happier though, for she had no misgivings and no sorrows. So she smiled with a drowsy content, and thought what a good world it was. She led Jack on to talk to her about his ship, and was pleased with his pride in his profession, and then, when he began to tell her about the wonders of the deep and the glory of tropic skies, she listened with shining eyes and parted lips.

They were both so young, so innocent yet of deep emotions, and unconscious of the true mysteries of passion, so unaware of the latent strength of their natures—a boy and girl—two dreamy, unconscious lovers drifting to the inevitable end, to the hours of thirst and flame.

Kitty, taking an afternoon stroll along the edge of the cliff, suddenly caught sight of two figures sitting side by side on the shore. She recognised the man at once—recognised Jack with a quick flash of colour and sharp beat of the heart; but she was doubtful for a second who his companion might be.

Only for a second, though. Cecilia had been too well advertised over Plymouth for Kitty to wonder long. She recognised the soft corn-rose hair, the slim young figure, even though she could not see the delicate Madonna-like face.

"So she has met him on the shore, or he has met her," concluded Kitty with a throb of jealous passion. "They have soon arranged a meeting." But Kitty was wrong. Neither Cecilia nor Jack Hallows had schemed for that hour on the shore—it had been decided for them by destiny.

(To be continued.)

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healthy appetite asserts itself, and the digestive organs work as Nature intended.

Interviewed by a local reporter at her residence, 23, Dovey Street, Liverpool, Miss Perry related her experience. Two years ago she began to be subject to severe bilious attacks, which became more frequent, and often compelled her to remain in bed for two or three days together. Constant repetition of these illnesses soon reduced her to a state of extreme weakness. Anaemia's strong grip caught hold of her, and there was every indication that as a chronic invalid she was doomed to suffer. Doctors' prescriptions and homeopathic treatment proved useless.

After suffering for a period of two years, a friend strongly recommended Bile Beans as a sure remedy for her case. Purchasing a supply, Miss Perry commenced a course, and in a short time began to reap benefit from the Beans. Gradually regaining her strength, she persevered with the treatment, which eventually cured her completely. Both the Biliousness and Anaemia disappeared. In her own words, Miss Perry says: "As a lady's help I can now perform my duties with the greatest ease, and however great the exertion, I never feel any ill effects."

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